

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1825.

- Art. I. 1. *Statement by the Committee of the Edinburgh Bible Society, relative to the Circulation of the Apocrypha by the British and Foreign Bible Society.* 8vo. Edinburgh. 1825.
2. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Vindication of the Proceedings of that Society against the Statement of the Edinburgh Bible Society relative to the Circulation of the Apocrypha.* By the Rev. C. Simeon, M.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 16. London. 1825.
3. *A Statement submitted to the Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the Impropriety of circulating the Apocryphal Books indiscriminately intermingled with the Inspired Writings.* By George Cornelius Gorham, B.D. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 40. London. 1825.
4. *Remarks on the Propriety of applying the Funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society to the Circulation of such foreign Versions as contain the Apocrypha, in Places where no other Versions will be generally received.* With Preface, containing Observations on the Statement of the Rev. G. C. Gorham, B. D. By H. Venn, M.A. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. 4to.

THE Author of an eloquent work now on our table, in pointing out the influence of the Bible Society in promoting the advancement of mankind in knowledge and religion, remarks, that that Institution 'becomes a rallying point for all Christians, as it affords a basis of union broad enough to admit every varying shade of opinion, and lifts up a conspicuous standard to all those who are engaged in earnest in the great work of furthering the Redeemer's kingdom.'

'While it has done Religion one service,' continues Mr. Douglas, 'by uniting all its friends in one great cause, it has done it a second service, by uniting all its enemies, however hostile to each other, against it; thus ranging each side front to front, and preparing them for one decisive and final struggle. It leaves every one without ex-

cuse who does not co-operate with it; it combines all classes and all creeds; the poor may contribute their mite, and the rich may pour in their abundance; and those who build precious things, and those who heap up stubble upon the foundation of the Scriptures, have here one point of agreement in the foundation for which they both earnestly contend. It has done more good than all the theological discussions for the last hundred years; and though it has confuted no heresy, it has done still better, for it has made many be neglected and forgotten. It oversteps the boundaries of kingdoms, and the separation of national jealousies, and presents a field wide enough for men of all nations and languages to enter, without conflicting or jarring with each other. Its field is truly the world; it embraces, directly or indirectly, all the interests of humanity; and it is ever profusely distributing the benefits of time, while its ultimate results are lost in the glories of eternity.'

This view of the constitution and operation of the Bible Society is so much in unison with our own sentiments, that, we must confess, we feel extremely unwilling to give it up as a beautiful chimera. We cannot welcome the conclusion to which the Edinburgh Committee invite us to accede, that no basis of union can be laid broad enough to render the Society a rallying-point for all Christians,—that the terms of such combination are unlawful and unholy, and that either the Society must renounce every foreign alliance, or be itself renounced as unworthy of any longer support. And if this be a conclusion we are slow to admit, scarcely less painful is it to resign the pleasing idea which forms another feature in the picture,—that of seeing all the friends of religion united in one great cause, and all its enemies, and its enemies only, united against it. Till very lately, the Bible Society had been equally fortunate in its advocates and its opponents. If the Society was to be opposed, it could scarcely have chosen its enemies better. But, after twenty years of unbroken unanimity, it now finds itself required to act on the defensive against its friends. Those that smite us, the Committee may say, are the righteous, but it is in kindness, and their reproof, like an excellent oil, shall not bruise our head. In fact, painful as is any thing like intestine division among the friends of such an institution and such a cause, the present controversy respecting the Apocrypha does honour to both parties. In the one party, it manifests a jealousy for the exclusive authority of the word of God, worthy of Protestants; in the other, a zeal to disseminate that word, not less worthy of all true Christians. Every candid man must honour the pure and upright motives by which they are both respectively actuated. For, though we think that the Edinburgh Committee have, in conduct to which we shall presently refer, acted with the appearance of hostility, we verily believe that

those who have taken the lead on either side in this discussion, have had equally at heart the cause of truth and the best interests of the Society.

‘ Should this unpleasant discussion,’ remarks Mr. Gorham, ‘ lead any persons who are unfriendly to the Bible Society, to triumph in the anticipation of its disunion, let them not too hastily conclude that such a dreadful evil awaits it. Its Members do not regard each other with less kindly feelings than they *ever* did. There may be a temporary disagreement about the means of doing *the most extensive good* ; but, in this very desire, we discover the principles of *a more perfect re-union*. May the Great Head of the Church speedily heal all its divisions, and give the Word “ free course ” that He may be glorified ! ’

Our readers are, we presume, aware, that the question relates to the practice of the British and Foreign Bible Society in making grants of money to foreign societies which circulate the Apocrypha intermixed with the canonical Scriptures. This practice, it is contended by the Edinburgh Committee, is ‘ a direct violation of the original contract of the Society with its members ; is at variance with the injunctions of the word of God itself ; and not only tends to maintain and vindicate the superstitions of some of the continental churches, but to bring the word of God into contempt.’ ‘ By tacitly sanctioning the false pretensions of an Apocryphal book,’ it ‘ recognises a principle which that word so solemnly condemns. “ Let us do evil that good may come.” ’ Mr. Gorham’s objections are urged under the following heads ‘ 1. Such a practice is inconsistent with the *laws* of the Society.’ ‘ 2. The practice is inconsistent with the fundamental *principle* of the Society.’ ‘ 3. This practice violates integrity of conscience, and is inconsistent with the principles of Protestantism.’ The importance of the question may be judged of from the following enumeration of the foreign churches with which our intercourse will be more or less affected by refusing to co-operate with Societies which circulate the Apocrypha.

‘ 1. Those parts of the (Roman) Catholic and Greek Churches where the Apocrypha is regarded with the same reverence as the word of God, according to the decree of the council of Trent.

‘ 2. Other parts of the (Roman) Catholic and Greek Churches, of the one especially in Germany, of the other in Russia, where the decisions of Trent have never been received with implicit deference, in which, as in the case of Lutherans, the Apocrypha is allowed only a secondary degree of inspiration and authority.

‘ 3. The Reformed or Calvinistic Churches abroad, which regard it in the same light as the Church of England.

‘ The population and extent of the countries thus affected by our determination of the question before us, whether we regard them as

allies, or as themselves objects of benevolent exertion, deserve to be attentively considered. They comprise the whole Continent of Europe and the rising states of Greece.

‘ In Asia—Armenia and Syria, including Palestine. In Africa—the ancient and interesting churches of Abyssinia and Egypt.

‘ And nearly the whole Continent of South America, which at this critical moment presents the most promising fields of labour, and an opportunity which, if now neglected, may not return again for ages.’

Consequences, however, will never weigh down the scale against principles in any righteous balance ; and to do wrong lest evil should ensue, how disastrous soever the consequence, is as unjustifiable as to do evil that good may come. We have adverted to this view of the subject as illustrating its importance, rather than as supplying any reply to the objections advanced. The question seems to us to resolve itself into this simple case of conscience : Whether it be lawful or expedient to concur in circulating any other canon of Scripture than that which Protestants believe to be genuine.

Here it will naturally occur to the reader, that the practice of binding up the apocryphal books with the canonical Scriptures, has long had the sanction of the Church of England and other Protestant churches. It is no question, Bishop Cosin says, in his *Scholastic History of the Canon*, (p. 8.) whether those apocryphal books ‘ may be joined together in one common volume with the Bible, and comprehended under the general name of Holy Scripture, as that name is largely and improperly taken.’ And Mr. Gorham seems to have no objection to their being *annexed* to the inspired writings. In noticing the *argumentum ad hominem*, (for it is nothing more,) that ‘ the Apocrypha is countenanced by the Church of England, some portions being read in her services in the place of Holy Scripture,’ he says :

‘ Were our Institution simply a Church of England Society, this statement might, perhaps, have a little weight as regards *annexing* it to the Bible printed solely for the use of her members ; but, even on that hypothesis, what bearing has this argument upon the subject of *intermingling* these books with the Canonical ?’ p. 38.

And again, in the Preface :

‘ In this controversy, there is clearly an important distinction between the Apocrypha as *intermingled* with the Inspired Text, and as *annexed* to it in a separate form. Many of the arguments of our opponents receive a specious colour from a confusion of these very distinct considerations ; and some of the *ultra* views of persons on the side here advocated, seem to have been adopted by losing sight of

this important distinction. The Author implores *both* parties to inquire, Whether they may not approximate, by giving to this distinction *its due weight*.*

That, if printed at all with the sacred writings, this is the least objectionable form in which they can appear, will be readily admitted; but, that the distinction is so material as to render the one practice justifiable, and the other grossly improper and unlawful, appears to us extremely far from manifest. In the papers that passed between the Savoy Commissioners appointed for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, the Presbyterians say: 'We asked not that no apocryphal chapter may be read in the church, but that none may be read as lessons; for so the chapters of Holy Scripture there read are called in the Book; and to read them in the same place under the same title, without any sufficient note of distinction or notice given to the people, that they are not canonical Scripture, *they being also bound with our Bibles*, is such a temptation to the vulgar to take them for God's word, as doth much prevail, and is like to do so still. And when Papists second it with their confident affirmations, that the Apocryphal Books are canonical, (well refuted by one of you, the Right Rev. Bishop of Durham,*) we should not needlessly help on their success. If you cite the Apocrypha as you do other human writings, or read them as homilies, (when and where there is reason to read such,) we speak not against it. To say that the people are secured by the Church's calling them Apocrypha, is of *no force*, till experience be proved to be disregardable, and till you have proved that the minister is to tell the people, at the reading of such chapter, that it is but apocryphal, and that the people all understand Greek so well as to know what Apocrypha signifieth.'

Possibly, these may appear to Mr. Gorham to be '*ultra views*' on the subject. We must confess that there appears to us much more force in the objections we have cited, than can be obviated by the distinction on which he lays so much stress. Putting aside the indefensible practice of reading portions of the Apocrypha in the public service in place of Holy Scripture, we hold the practice of binding up the Apocrypha with the Bible (though extensively prevalent even among Protestant Dissenters) to be in the highest degree inexpedient. And though doubtless we should prefer their being annexed to the Bible (which by the way they are not, but *interposed* between

* Bishop Cosin.

the Old and New Testaments*) to their being intermixed with the sacred books, yet, it would be a mere question of preference. Provided that the interpolations were marked, as they were originally in the Vulgate, Mr. Gorham admits that the apocryphal writings might be safely given even as intermingled with the canonical ones. Speaking of the gloss or commentary which frequently accompanied the sacred volume down to the time of the Reformation, he says: 'Were it the question whether we should withhold the Word of God from Roman Catholics in this shape, no Protestant, we presume, would scruple to reply, that he could safely give it circulation.' It is the suppression of Jerome's prefaces, which, in his view, renders it necessary to withhold the Word of God from Roman Catholics in the shape alluded to. We admit it to be highly desirable that these prefaces should be restored; and if the Bible Society can accomplish this, they will be rendering an important benefit to the Continental churches. Still, to the giving of the Apocrypha in any shape, with or without gloss, intermingled, interposed, or appended, we have, as Protestants, very decided objections. The evil appears to us to be, in its most palliated form, the same in kind, and to differ only in degree; and on very nearly the same ground as that on which we should feel reluctant to give away a Roman Catholic Bible, we should object to give away a Church of England Bible comprising the Apocrypha. So far as unscriptural doctrine, absurdity, and indelicacy are contained in the apocryphal writings, the objection to circulating it among the lower classes is obviously not at all met by its nominal and imaginary separation from the other parts of the sacred volume. The effect on the vulgar is much the same as if it were intermixed. They neither understand the term canonical nor the term Apocryphal. They receive the Bible in this shape as consisting of three divisions, the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and the

* Mr. Gorham, in citing Dr. Lightfoot's authority as deprecating 'Apocryphal interminglings by Catholics,' has strangely overlooked the pointed application of his language to the practice of *annexing* the Apocrypha in his sense of the phrase. 'What do the Papists, then, when they put and chop in the Apocrypha for canonical Scripture between Malachi and Matthew, Law and Gospel? What do they but make a wall between the Seraphims that they cannot hear each other cry? What do they but make a step between the Cherubims that they cannot touch each other's wing? What do they but make a ditch between these grounds that they cannot reach each other's coasts? &c.' Gorham's Statement, p. 31.

New Testament. It is true, the Thirty-nine Articles declare, that the Church doth read the books designated as Apocryphal, 'for example of life and instruction of manners, but yet doth not apply them to establish any doctrine.' Few, however, among the lower classes, ever give themselves the trouble to consult the Thirty-nine Articles on the subject; and if they did, this article does not intimate that the *Apocrypha* teaches any false doctrine. The distinction which is there laid down with all the nicety of casuistry, is such as no plain man would comprehend. It affords, therefore, no safeguard against the errors, the *false* 'example' and *false* 'instruction' of manners which are exhibited in the apocryphal books: on the contrary, to a certain extent, the article sanctions their reception.

If, then, we feel disposed to acquiesce in that decision of the Bible Society which has drawn forth the strong protest of the Edinburgh Committee and of Mr. Gorham, it will not be imputed to any disposition to 'palliate the errors of the *Apocrypha*,' (although on that point we shall further explain ourselves,) or to an indifference respecting its interpolation with the Word of God. We regard its incorporation with the sacred volume in any form as a mischievous practice, strongly to be deprecated, and peculiarly inconsistent with Protestant tenets. In this respect, it will be seen that we go further than Mr. Gorham, who concedes more than we feel at liberty to do in any case that admits of option, and pleads for a practice that is in our opinion to be tolerated only on the same principle that has regulated the practice of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as it may be thought to have influenced the decision of the English Reformers themselves.

There can, we think, be little doubt, that the first English Translators would have gone much further, if they had sufficient courage, or had deemed it prudent, than making the separation referred to. Coverdale, says Mr. Gorham, hesitated to make this separation, but he was apparently obliged to yield to the general feeling of the Reformers, who 'could not endure that even a single book should be intermingled with the *Sacred Oracles*.' But if so, the more safe and decided course would have been, to leave the Apocryphal books *untranslated*. An effectual separation could have been secured in no other way. Instead of this, not only did they follow the example of Luther and the French Translators in giving these books in the vernacular tongue, but the still more dangerous concession was made, of allowing lessons from them to be read in the public service 'in place of Holy Scripture.' We can hardly persuade ourselves that in these respects they acted up to their full convictions of propriety, or accomplished

all that they deemed desirable. But, knowing the strong attachment of the people to the old service-book, they were afraid to carry innovation too far at once; and they might fear lest the new and delicate experiment of rendering the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue might be frustrated, were they to leave room for the clamour of giving an incomplete Bible. The Church of Rome, Mr. Gorham remarks, has always discovered an especial jealousy respecting the inspiration of the Apocrypha; and at the time of the Reformation, this feeling was extensively prevalent among the English priesthood. It is in this way that we should account for the apparent inconsistency of our Reformers in that half measure which, while it professedly rejected the Apocrypha from the canon, permanently identified it with the sacred volume in the minds of the vulgar. We conceive them to have yielded to what they deemed the necessity or expediency of the case, preferring to circulate the English Scriptures with the Apocrypha, rather than endanger their rejection by disturbing the popular prejudice in favour of what had so long passed for an integral part of the holy writings.

But this, it may be said, is mere hypothesis; and although we should find it difficult to excuse the Reformers on any other ground, we lay no stress on their example. The simple ground on which we have been led to conclude that it is not unlawful to concur in the circulation of another canon than that which we, as Protestants, hold to be genuine, is this,—that the Canon of Scripture is not an article of faith,—is not a doctrine of Revelation, or a precept of Christ, which must be received and submitted to by all at the peril of their souls. Important, in one sense fundamentally important, as is the question relating to the Canon, it is one that, after all, comes within the range of human opinion and private judgement. The evidence by which the genuineness, integrity, and completeness of the canon is attested, how satisfactory and irrefragable soever, is of an historical and critical kind, such as every man is not competent to appreciate, and respecting which many good and learned men have differed. Nay, the very import of the term canonical is a disputed point. Whether the declaration that “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God,” can be safely extended to all the books included in the Jewish canon,—whether the whole of the *Chethubim* or hagiographa, though of undoubted genuineness and authenticity as historical documents, can be considered as indited by the Holy Ghost, and as forming part of the rule of faith,—is by no means so clear as to warrant our demanding an unqualified assent and agreement on this point from all Christian men. Many pious

persons have doubted whether the book of Esther, in which the name of Jehovah does not once occur, can be regarded as an inspired composition; and others have had difficulties in admitting the inspiration of Solomon's Song. Were we to take the word canonical as synonymous with inspired, such persons might conscientiously object to giving away those books as canonical Scripture, and might plead for a canon more literally conformable to our Lord's threefold classification of the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. How groundless and unreasonable soever might be their opinion, they could not, upon Mr. Gorham's principle, concur with the British and Foreign Bible Society in circulating as holy Scripture, books which they did not believe to be the word of God. In their view, the books of Chronicles and the first book of Maccabees would rank in the same class of writings; and although they could not object to their circulation on the same grounds as apply to the positively exceptionable parts of the Apocrypha, such as Tobit, Baruch, and the spurious additions to the book of Daniel, still, they would not be able to recognise them as given by inspiration of God.

Now Mr. Gorham maintains, that an agreement respecting the canon of Scripture is the basis and limit of all co-operation in the circulation of the Scriptures; that 'universal co-operation' is neither lawful nor desirable,—that it is a mere oratorical figure of speech. The fundamental principle of the Bible Society, he says,

'is no further "universal," than we can meet on common ground; and the ground is *not* common where we differ upon the Canon of the Inspired Writings..... A more correct notion, we conceive, of the benevolent plan of this Society, is, that it was founded upon a principle no less *fixed* than beautifully simple, and capable of very extensive (though not universal) application;—an agreement "in the truth of God's holy Word," and a desire to circulate nothing *but* that word. In adhering to this principle, we do not interfere with the private regulations of any body of Christians; but, before we can effectually co-operate with them, we must be united by this common bond,—a recognition of the same Canon of Scripture.' p. 23.

'By withholding the Bible in this form, we interfere (it is thought) with the liberty of other churches, which are entitled to judge for themselves. Every body of Christians has an undoubted right to lay down laws and principles for its *own* government; and it is upon this very acknowledgement that we maintain the title of the Bible Society to form such regulations for its plans as may be approved by the general body of its members. In demanding *an agreement in the Canon of the Holy Scriptures* from all denominations of Christians whom we invite to association in our object, we leave a full liberty of judgement to every ecclesiastical community which differs from us;

more than this cannot with propriety be required. We do not interfere with those who acknowledge writings as Divine which we consider as human; it is too much, however, to expect that we should give them additional proof of our liberality by assisting them to circulate volumes which we disapprove. Here, we cannot unite, for we know no bond of union:—"the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants. I cannot find," says Chillingworth, "any rest for the sole of my feet, but upon this rock only!" How often has this sentiment been echoed in Bible Society speeches! Let it be fairly applied to the Bible Society's practice.' p. 35.

We have cited this passage entire, wishing to do full justice to Mr. Gorham's objections; but there seems to us a singular looseness of statement and reasoning in this representation. What, in the first place, it may be asked, was Chillingworth's Bible and Bible only? What are these 'volumes' which we so much disapprove as to refuse to circulate? The Bible as used in all the Episcopal Churches of England and as given away by the Bartlett's Building Society, with the mere difference of a separate arrangement of the Apocrypha,—the Bible, in fact, under that form which produced the Reformation. But to what did Chillingworth oppose the Bible and the Bible only, and in what sense has his sentiment been echoed in Bible Society speeches? We have always understood it as excluding any other rule of faith than the Bible. The Bible only, as opposed to any authorized expositor of holy writ,—to unwritten traditions, to a pretended infallible living guide in the Church as the interpreter of Scripture, or to a human commentary as the requisite safeguard of God's word,—such is the religion of Protestants. But what has this to do with opinions respecting the Canon? Can Protestantism stand only on the Protestant Canon? Did Chillingworth mean the Protestant Bible as opposed to the Romish Bible? Were the attempt made to prove from the authority of the Apocrypha any popish tenet, the answer would be most apposite, the Canonical Scriptures only are the religion of Protestants. Or when it is urged by the opponents of Bible Societies, that the Bible is an unsafe book unattended by the Prayer-book as the authorized expositor, then we may with equal propriety reply, the Bible only is the religion of Protestants. But how great would be the amazement of Chillingworth, could he return to this world, to find his words cited as a reason for refusing to give the Bible to a poor Roman Catholic, unless he will permit us to take away what he has been taught to consider as a part of it,—that is, until, renouncing the authority of his Church, he become on that point at least a Protestant!

This is not the only oversight in the representation. Mr. Gorham speaks of an agreement respecting the Canon as a term of union, a condition of membership, a *sine qua non* to be demanded of all whom we invite to association;—although the Bible Society certainly never held such language, or insisted on any such terms, but has invited and gladly accepted the co-operation of *Jews* as well as Christians of all denominations who were willing to encourage a wider circulation of the Scriptures. But, waiving this, the above way of stating the matter, keeps out of sight the fact, that an agreement respecting the Canon is to be made a condition, not of uniting in the Bible Society, but of receiving the Bible. The question is not what terms we have a right to demand of those whom we invite to association in our object, but what it is adviseable and proper to exact of those whose benefit that object embraces,—the unenlightened population of Roman Catholic and other countries. It is not simply whether we shall continue to assist Leander Van Ess, or the Greek Patriarch, or the Paris Bible Society, or the Syrian Church in circulating the Bible according to their canon,—or withdraw all co-operation with them till they come over to our sentiments on this point as Protestants;—but, as to the principle involved, and as to the actual fact to a certain extent, the question is, whether we shall refuse to put God's word into the hands of Papists, Greeks, Lutherans, Syrians, Armenians, and others, till *they*, the poor, untaught multitudes whom we are anxious to instruct, shall be 'united to us by this common bond, a recognition of the same Canon of Scripture'—A sentence or two extracted from the paper edited by Mr. Venn, will shew this to be actually the case.

'When the Bible Society began its labours six years ago, the only Bibles ready for distribution were two editions which had been printed by some pious persons at Toulouse and at Montauban, which did not contain the Apocrypha. With these two editions the Society began its distributions; but soon there was a protest on all sides against the omission of these books, and a formal demand was made, that the apocryphal books should be added to these two editions. In order to conform to the French churches, the Society was obliged to print the Apocrypha at Toulouse and at Montauban, and to add them to the editions which had already been published there.

.....'What I have said of *Protestant* churches,' (continues Professor Kieffer,) 'applies with far greater force to the Catholic churches in France, who would not receive a single Bible without the apocryphal books, which are considered by them as canonical. The priests would eagerly seize this pretence for prohibiting the reading of the Bible; and the poor people, who receive with lively gratitude the Bibles distributed among them by your generous so-

ciety, and who have no other means of gaining instruction in the true faith, will be again plunged into the ignorance and superstition from whence they were beginning to emerge through the reading of the Holy Scriptures.'

'If such is the case in France, where there are both Protestant and Catholic churches, I think it must be the same in Switzerland, in Germany, in the Low Countries, in Denmark, in Sweden, in Prussia, in Poland, in the vast states of Russia, in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, all countries where the Bible without the Apocrypha is never read, and where the people would probably have the same aversion to receiving it without these books.'

'You well know the attachment of our peasants to the Bible,' says a distinguished Swedish nobleman, 'but they will have *their* Bible; that Bible which their ancestors loved, and out of which their religious parents used to read to them as children. Perhaps the Apocrypha may be, at some future period, excluded from our Bible; but, for this step, things must be prepared, and our British friends must not press us too hard on this point, if our hands are not to be tied up, and our operations altogether to cease as a Bible Society. It is a most melancholy circumstance, that this question should have been started at this critical moment, as it may—which God avert!—do incalculable mischief.'

'Considering,' says the venerable D. Van. Ess, 'that in the Roman Catholic and Protestant states of Germany, things have scarcely ever worn so portentous an appearance as at the present moment, when so great is the excitement visible among the members of both persuasions, that we cannot but be apprehensive of its leading to some important crisis;—considering that, on the one hand, the power of Rome is, for the moment, greater than usual, and that it adopts every means of opposing the dissemination of the Bible among the laity, whilst, on the other, the desire of the Roman Catholic population to obtain possession of the whole Bible was never so strong and vehement as at present;—considering these things, and many other points immediately connected therewith, I beg leave to reply to your first question, 'Whether I am inclined to print the whole of the Old Testament without the Apocrypha,' by the following observations.

'This proposal cannot possibly be adopted with respect to Roman Catholics. My reason for so saying is, that, as the proposed alteration affects the order and succession of the Biblical books, which has for so many years been prescribed, followed, and preserved, and would, if adopted, render any translation, so far as the order of the books is concerned, similar to Luther's version, it would cause a very strong sensation, and most probably irritate many weak-minded Roman Catholics both among the clergy and the laity. They would be inclined, under existing prejudices, to regard my translation as a Lutheran version, which would have the effect of preventing its being read by the majority of weaker Roman Catholics, and of causing it, moreover, to be immediately denounced and burned by the zealots of Rome, and of course proscribed by the bishops and their vicars in Germany. My own personal character and reputation, as well as my

adherence to canonical order, would immediately be degraded. The extensive operations which I have hitherto carried on for the dissemination of the Bible among Roman Catholics, and which God has most visibly blessed, would be put an end to and destroyed.'

Nor have we any reason to be surprised at the strength of this prejudice. The tenacity of the English Church in retaining the lessons from the Apocrypha in her service, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of the Presbyterians, and her own admission respecting those books, might prepare us to expect a similar stiffness of prejudice and jealousy of innovation in the Continental churches. Let us suppose that, in our own country, an edition was put forth of our Authorized Version of the Bible, that should disturb the present arrangement of the books; in which the chronological order, for instance, should be followed, the book of Job being placed next to the Pentateuch, the prophecies of Isaiah after those of Nahum, and Ezra and Nehemiah after the prophecies of Zechariah, the Epistles of St. Paul being transposed in a similar manner according to their dates,—and let us suppose that this improved arrangement (for such it would be) had been first introduced by the Socinians, and that it externally characterized the Socinian Bible;—we should then have something like a case parallel to that of the Lutheran arrangement of the sacred books, as it appears in the eyes of Roman Catholics. How many years would such an edition of the Bible require to make its way into general circulation among us? How long would it be before the Bartlett's Buildings Society would sanction such an innovation on the established order of the canon? With what distrust and jealousy would it be regarded by the orthodox, from the very circumstance of its being a Socinian improvement, whether as likely to pave the way for taking other liberties with the canon, or as endangering the insidious introduction of unauthorized versions! Socinianism cannot be in worse odour among members of the Church of England, than Protestantism is with members of the Church of Rome; and our canonical arrangement is not less closely identified with Luther and Calvin, than the "Improved Version of the New Testament" is with the Unitarians.

But, if the Church of England refused to expunge, at the request of the Nonconformists, the lessons taken from the Apocrypha, is it astonishing that the Church of Rome should exhibit a similar unwillingness to concede the point of arrangement to the Protestants? Was not the objection to the Apocrypha itself regarded by King Charles's bishops as much in the light of a *Puritan* tenet, as the Church of Rome regards its separa-

tion from the canon as a Lutheran one? Suppose that King James's Translators had not deviated, in this respect, from the Vulgate, would it have been possible to make the separation at any subsequent period? If not, would the Bible Society have been allowed now to introduce so material an innovation, or to stigmatise as apocryphal, books appointed to be read in the churches, if the sixth article had not sanctioned the distinction? No one who is acquainted with the attachment to the Apocrypha which still prevails among members of the Church of England, can for a moment imagine that its rejection or even separation by the Society would have been tolerated. In fact, they would have had no power or control in the business. They must have taken the Bible, Apocrypha and all, as the Universities and His Majesty's printer should have chosen to issue it. In the *Family Bible* recently put forth by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and edited by the domestic chaplain of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Apocrypha is included, and receives its share of annotations. The Bible as appointed to be read in churches, still comprises the Apocrypha; and the precaution formerly observed, of printing it in a separate type, is no longer uniformly attended to. Now, bearing these facts in mind, we ask, what could the Bible Society have done, had the separation of the Apocryphal books not been made at the precise period at which it was first happily and most Providentially accomplished? Either no such institution could have been formed, or it must have contented itself with giving away the canonical and Apocryphal books intermingled. Mr. Gorham will do well to consider what would, in that case, have been the path of duty. The printing of the Holy Scriptures is, in this country, a royal monopoly; and no Bible Society could have been established, that should not have made it a fundamental law to circulate the authorized version. The Church, we may be assured, would not have given way to the objections of a popular society, and have altered the arrangement of the canon at its instigation. In the case imagined, therefore, Mr. Gorham would have found himself absolutely opposed to any Bible Society, and to the circulation of any Bibles, in our own country.

This imaginary case is but the counterpart of the real situation in which the Paris Bible Society is placed. That Society is bound by the primary article of its regulations, not to distribute any Bibles but those read in the churches. Now, says M. Monod,

‘from the Reformation to the first formation of Bible Societies, I do not think there has been a single Bible in our churches without

the Apocrypha. Were we then wrong in making this rule? Or ought we now to propose its abolition at our next general meeting? I am convinced we ought not.

..... 'But are our churches wrong? I will confess it. I will agree with you on this subject, still repeating, that it is not the province of the Bible Societies to become judges in this matter. It seems to me, that they ought no more to withhold the Apocrypha, when it is asked for by the generality of Christians, than they ought to give it when it is not desired. Our Reformers should have enlightened us on this point, as they have done on many others, and have relieved our Bible from this superfluity. After them, our synods alone are able to decide the question; but they have not, to my knowledge, meddled with it. Nor should the Bible Societies; nor ought they, in my opinion, to take away the Apocrypha, till the Church gives, at least tacitly, a general consent to it.'

Mr. Gorham says: 'We do not interfere with the liberty of 'other churches' by withholding our aid. This is not strictly correct, since he would have us require from them, as the price of our co-operation, a conformity to a theological tenet, and 'demand,' that what their own Reformers and synods, and ours, have left undone, the rejection of the Apocrypha, should now be carried into execution in compliance with the rules and regulations of a foreign voluntary society. He insists upon a basis of agreement and a bond of union such as no Protestant Church ever required; and while, professedly, the sole object of the Bible Society is, 'to encourage a wider circulation of the 'Holy Scriptures without note or comment,' his demand would couple with this another object,—to promote the separation of the Apocrypha from the canonical Scriptures; a very desirable object, we admit, and one which we ardently wish to see promoted by every legitimate means, but which we conceive not to fall within the scope and province of the Bible Society.

Mr. Gorham, however, contends, and so do the Edinburgh Committee, that the very terms in which the fundamental law of the Society is couched, prohibits the circulation of the Apocryphal writings. Here we are completely at issue with them. The law is as follows:

'The designation of this Society shall be, the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which the sole object shall be to encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment: the only copies in the languages of the United Kingdom to be circulated by the Society, shall be, the authorized Version.

Now what does the authorized version include? Does it, or does it not include the Apocrypha? What are the Holy Scriptures 'appointed to be read in churches?' We need not, as Mr. Gorham imagines, appeal to the early Christian fathers,

but merely to the English Prayer-book, to shew that the Apocryphal writings are included under this description. We admit, that most improperly is the term Holy Scripture applied to such compositions as Bel and the Dragon and the Book of Tobit. But, that the words Bible, Holy Scriptures, Word of God, are familiarly understood as including all that the authorized version includes, is undeniable. In at least five cases out of ten, when a quarto edition of the Bible is ordered, were the bookseller to furnish a copy of the Holy Scriptures excluding the Apocrypha, it would be returned on his hands as incomplete. A Bible with notes and a Bible without notes, are terms perfectly well understood; but no one, in ordering the latter, would be understood as meaning to exclude the Apocrypha. The Bartlett's Buildings Society might adopt the very terms of the law in question, and still adhere to the practice of circulating the Apocrypha, without any danger of being charged with departing from its rules, so long as it accompanied the text of the authorized version with neither note nor comment. To say, therefore, that the law of the Bible Society 'forbids the circulation of the Apocrypha,' strikes us as too much like quibbling about terms. The law implies nothing either way. It simply binds up the Society to the authorized version, and to the Bible without note or comment. And the design of this law is obvious. It was to give a pledge, more especially to the heads of the National Church, that no bye object should be mingled with the plan,—that no room should be left for the promotion of sectarian or party views; as well as to preclude the possibility of jealousies arising from a difference of theological opinion among the members of the Institution.

We have not the least doubt, that, if the law had contained a clause to the effect, that all the copies circulated should omit the Apocrypha, offence and alarm would immediately have been taken in many influential quarters. We are fully persuaded that, as this was not expressed, so neither was it understood. The subject was very properly kept out of sight; and thus, the Society has been able silently to perform an immense service by exclusively circulating the canonical books, without stirring up opposition and party feeling by openly denouncing the apocryphal ones. Constituted as the society was at its outset, of members of the Established churches of England and Scotland and Protestant Dissenters, the exclusion of the Apocrypha, in practice, from the English Bibles, was the only plan that could ensure unanimity; and this plan was favoured by the omission of the Apocrypha in many of the smaller editions issued of late years by the King's Printer.

But this has always been an understood, rather than an express condition of 'the original covenant entered into by the Society with the Christian public.' In all 'the solemn asseverations on the subject of the exclusive distribution of Holy Scripture' which we have read in the annual reports,—in all the reiterations of Chillingworth's sentiment which we have heard in Bible Society speeches, we do not recollect ever to have heard the omission of the Apocrypha once adverted to. And even as to this understood condition, (if such it may be termed,) it applied only to Bibles circulated in this country. Whatever the practice of the Society may or may not have been with regard to foreign versions, the laws, we must contend, leave the Committee entirely free on that head; nor, generally speaking, do we believe that any understanding with the Christian public has existed on the subject.

It is true, that a resolution of the Bible Society passed in August 1822, admits, that a view of the Rule had been taken from the beginning by 'the great body of its Members,' which limited the application of its funds to the circulation of the Canonical Scriptures. We do not pretend to be aware of the grounds on which the Committee came to this conclusion respecting the views of the great body of its members; but the fact we believe to be, that the majority of the members and subscribers never had the question in relation to *foreign* societies brought under their consideration. Nay, since we cannot believe them to have regarded the Apocrypha as either a *note* or a *comment*, their 'view of the rule' must have taken for granted what the Rule assuredly leaves undefined. Mr. Gorham, indeed, would expound the rule thus:

'If it be asked, Did not *that* "authorized version" contain the Apocrypha? we reply, that the law only contemplates the circulation of the Holy Scriptures contained in that Version.'

If Mr. Gorham was one of those who assisted at the original framing of that law, we will take his word for it, that the law, or at least those who drew it up, contemplated only the canonical Scriptures; but if not, we must hesitate to admit his exposition of its intention, seeing that the word canonical is not employed, as it surely might have been, and that a law can never be said to contemplate what it does not express. But, in fact, the framers of that law did not and could not contemplate, as Mr. Gorham admits, the future sphere of their operations; and it is idle to suppose that they framed a rule in reference to a case which they could not possibly anticipate.

If the Rule applied to the printing of the Apocrypha at all, it would be as much a breach of faith on the part of the Com-

mittee to aid the distribution of Bibles containing the Apocrypha annexed, as to sanction the Romish mode of intermixing the canonical and apocryphal books. While Mr. Gorham levels his remonstrances against the latter practice only, the Edinburgh Committee seem disposed to resist the circulation of the Apocrypha in any shape or on any conditions. And in this they are more consistent. It would assuredly be as direct a violation of the fundamental law, to annex a body of notes and comments to the copies of the Scriptures circulated by the Society, as to intermingle them. If, therefore, the Apocrypha be excluded by the terms 'exclusively without note or comment,' it must be excluded absolutely and altogether; and Mr. Gorham's irenical plan must fall to the ground. The Edinburgh Statement contends, that the resolutions passed by the Parent Committee, 'in order to permit the Foreign Protestant Societies the circulation of the Apocrypha, would justify a similar practice in respect to the printing and circulating the notes of Ostervald or Martini, or the human comments attached to any other edition of the Scriptures.' Now the very language of the second of the resolutions here alluded to, has been adopted by Mr. Gorham in the suggestion he offers, That, in future,

'with regard to foreign societies which publish Bibles containing the Apocrypha, but separate and distinct from the canonical books, grants of money be made under an express stipulation, and the assurance of the parties receiving the same, that such grants shall exclusively be applied to printing and publishing the canonical books only.'

Thus, the resolution of December 20, 1824, which the Edinburgh Committee condemn and deprecate, lays down the very rule by which Mr. Gorham would have the Society abide. So different are the views taken of the Rule by different objectors. But so far as respects the original Rule, which is the point in question, we contend that it leaves the Society entirely at liberty on the subject of printing the Apocrypha in foreign languages, whether separate or intermingled. Our own 'authorized version' includes those books, not as canonical, but as belonging to what is popularly termed and considered as holy Scripture. Foreign churches are known to understand by the Scriptures, the Old and New Testaments with the Apocrypha; and with regard to the mode in which *they* shall print it, the Rule is silent: only it might fairly be concluded, that they too would be expected and allowed to follow their authorized versions.

We have bestowed more attention, perhaps, than was neces-

sary on this point, which has little to do with the abstract propriety or expediency of the practice of circulating the Apocrypha, because the Parent Committee have been loudly and most unjustly charged with a breach of faith in departing from their original laws and violating their covenant with the Christian public. This angry charge may serve the purpose of raising a clamour against the Bible Society, but it cannot in the least contribute to an adjustment of the controversy. No one who is not blinded by spleen and maddened with party feeling, will have the baseness to insinuate, that there has been any intentional or wilful departure on the part of the Committee from either the letter or spirit of their original rules. No one can harbour the suspicion, that there is any Popish leaning to the Apocrypha itself in those Members and Vice-presidents of the Society, whose opinion is known to be in favour of permitting its circulation in foreign countries. With regard to the ultimate object of all parties, it will surely be admitted to be the same. It is respecting the best means only of accomplishing the end, that they differ. We cannot believe that there is a spice of Popery in the composition of the Parent Committee. The 'individuals whose views are known to be favourable to 'an unfettered discretion as to the circulation of Bibles in the 'form objected to,' constitute, Mr. Gorham says, a very large proportion both of the general and the special Committee*. Now we cannot bring ourselves to imagine, that those individuals are really more desirous of circulating the Apocrypha, than is the Edinburgh Committee itself. They would exceedingly prefer, we are well persuaded, that the holy Scriptures, pure and unadulterated, should alone be put into the hands of Roman Catholics and Greeks as well as of Protestants. Nothing short of what they deem an imperious necessity, leads them to sanction the circulation of 'a false canon of Scripture.' They cannot consent that the souls of men should perish for lack of knowledge, while we are disputing about the proper manner of arranging the canonical and apocryphal writings. They cannot bear the idea that the whole population of Europe should, so far as depends on our co-operation, be left without Bibles, till the Greek Church, and the Romish Church, and the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches can come to an agreement with

* The Special Committee consists of Lord Teignmouth, Bishop of Litchfield, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Bexley, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M.P., W. Wilberforce, Esq., Rev. Messrs. Cunningham, Dealtry, Orme, Pratt, Simeon, Dr. Thorpe, and Messrs. Allan, Butterworth, Macauley, Phillips, Stevens, and Trueman.

regard to the Canon of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Gorham suggests, that there may be some leaven of human vanity mingled with this feeling of expansive benevolence, which indisposes the Committee to contract the sphere of its charity. He admonishes the Society, as Mr. Norris and the Christian Remembrancer have done before him, (we are sorry to place so good a man in such company,) to look to their steps, to moderate their views, and not to be too much elated with contemplating their expenditure of one million and a quarter, and their distribution of four millions and a half of copies of the Scriptures. This advice may be as useful as it is in the present case well-meant. There may have been a little too much of the tone and temper of elation on the part of the friends of the cause. So mixed are the motives, so much alloyed the best feelings of the best of men, that vanity is apt to mingle with benevolence, self-love with zeal, spleen with holy resentment, uncharitableness with stern integrity, party-spirit with piety; and when we imagine that we are jealous only for the honour of God, it may too often be said, 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of.' Even if vanity has mingled itself, however, with the views or feelings of the Committee, it does not follow that those feelings are too expansive, those views too comprehensive. Let them proceed in as humble a spirit as may be, but we cannot recommend them to contract the sphere of their labours, and to narrow the limits of their charity. In our judgement, they would be doing extremely wrong to stop short in their career. Nothing would better please the Pope, or, we may add, the Pope's Master; for if the Devil could get rid of the Bible in Catholic countries on so holy a pretence as the necessity of keeping it unadulterated, his end would be better answered than by all the opposition he could raise against its circulation.

We return to our first position, that it is lawful to concur in the circulation of a canon of Scripture which we believe not to be genuine, seeing that there is a difference of opinion in the Christian Church respecting that canon; seeing too, that the determination of the question does not come within our province, and therefore does not involve us in responsibility for tolerating that difference of opinion which we cannot prevent. This view of the case, is, however, so very opposite to the vehement declaration contained in the fourth of the Edinburgh Resolutions, that we must devote a few words more to this part of the subject. That Resolution is as follows:

'4. That the British and Foreign Bible Society is not only altogether prohibited by the laws of its existence from giving any sanction to the circulation of the Apocrypha, but that it cannot do this

without incurring the guilt of putting a most fearful fraud upon the world, and laying a deadly snare for the souls of men ; because the Apocrypha is not only an uninspired book, and therefore on a level with other human productions, but far below the level of many human compositions, as it is abundantly interspersed with falsehoods, false doctrines, superstitions, and contradictions of itself and of the Word of God, of which a few specimens are annexed ; and because these Apocryphal writings, laden as they are with such gross and palpable error, do advance a deceitful claim to reverence and attention, upon the pretext of their being inspired ; so that in whatever degree the influence of the British and Foreign Bible Society has tended to encourage the circulation of these Apocryphal writings, it has gone out of its direct and legitimate course, to give its sanction to a human composition replete with error, which wickedly assumes to be a revelation from heaven ; and that this Society deeply regrets that the use of such strong language as appears in the reports of the Parent Society, respecting the exclusive circulation of Holy Scripture, should have been accompanied by the distribution of the Apocrypha appended to the Scriptures, inasmuch as it has been an indirect expression to the world, of an opinion which the Society certainly did not, and could not entertain, that the claim of those writings to inspiration is not altogether unfounded.'

There is a tone of exaggeration about this Resolution, which one is sorry to perceive, because it betrays any thing but a cool head and an honest heart in the individual who framed it. We very much fear that some agitator has been at work. We did not wish to say a word in defence of the Apocrypha itself ; but Mr. Gorham finds himself obliged to admit, that 'a language of too indiscriminate reprobation of these books has occasionally been adopted during this discussion.' The specimens of 'lies and falsehood,' 'low and vulgar puerilities,' 'gross errors and immoralities,' &c. which are culled and printed in the Edinburgh Statement, are by no means such as warrant the sweeping reprobation and the vulgar accumulation of coarse epithets bestowed upon these writings. Indeed, some of the citations are made with so little discretion, that it must strike any intelligent reader, that the Old Testament itself would furnish many passages capable of being exhibited in a light scarcely less equivocal in the hands of Paine or Carlisle.*

* The alleged 'absurdity and contradiction' in Esther x. 6. is produced by exhibiting the verse disjoined from the preceding one. 'This river is Esther,' is just as absurd as 'This Agar is Mount Sinai.' The charge of teaching 'sinless perfection in this life' would not have been thought a very serious one by John Wesley ; but Eccus. xiii. 24. is no 'proof' of the charge : as well might it have been

Very different was the opinion expressed by the candid Doddridge in his lectures, as cited by Mr. Venn. 'We acknowledge these books,' he says, 'to have been of considerable antiquity; and as some of them are very valuable on account of the wise and pious sentiments they contain, so, the historical facts and references to ancient customs in others of them, make them well worthy of an attentive perusal.' 'Against immodest invectives, therefore,' says Hooker, 'whereby they are charged as being fraught with outrageous lies, we doubt not but their more allowable censure will prevail, who, without so passionate terms of disgrace, do note a difference great enough between Apocryphal and other writings; a difference such as Josephus and Epiphanius observe: The one declaring that, among the Jews, books written after the days of Artaxerxes, were not of equal credit with them which had gone before, inasmuch as the Jews sithence that time had not the like exact succession of prophets; the other acknowledging that they are profitable, although denying them to be Divine, in such construction and sense as the Scripture itself is so termed.' But is it true, that these Apocryphal writings 'advance a deceitful claim to reverence and attention upon the pretext of their being inspired?' Where is this pretext put forth by the Authors of these books? The Prologue to Ecclesiasticus expressly disavows any such claim, and might form an appropriate preface to the whole Apocrypha: 'Whereas many and great things have been delivered unto us by the law and the prophets, and by others that have followed their steps, for the which things Israel ought to be commended for learning and wisdom,....my grandfather Jesus, when he had much given himself to the reading of the law and the prophets, and other books of our fathers, and had gotten therein good judgement, *was drawn on also himself to write something pertaining to learning and wisdom*, to the intent that those which are desirous to learn, and are addicted to these things, might profit much more in living according to the law. Wherefore, let me intreat you to read it with favour and attention, and to *pardon us* wherein we may seem to come short of some words which we have laboured to interpret.' Nor is this a solitary instance.

applied to Psal. cxix. 1.; Psal. xviii. 20, 23; or 1 John iii, 9. Again, 2 Esdras viii. 33, fairly construed, contains no worse doctrine than is found in Matt. vi. 4; x. 42; xxv. 35; Luke vi. 35; Heb. vi. 10; Rom. i. 6, 7; Rev. xiv. 13. We give these as specimens of the fairness of the Edinburgh criticisms and the value of their proofs.

The Author of the Second Book of Maccabees concludes his history thus : ' And here I will make an end. And if I have ' done well and as is fitting the story, it is that which I have ' desired ; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could ' attain unto.' There needs no preface or comment of Jerome's to prove that these books are not canonical. What becomes, then, of the broad assertion in the Edinburgh Statement, that the Apocryphal writings are counterfeit and heterodox and pretend to inspiration ? What the Council of Trent may have chosen to assert on the subject, is another matter ; but there is not the slightest proof that we are aware of, that the Authors of these books ever advanced any deceitful claims, ever intended to deceive, much less, wickedly claimed for their productions the character of a revelation from heaven. Surely, it became the Council of Edinburgh to pay a little more attention to correctness in their decrees.

But, not content with this gross mis-statement, the Resolution affirms, that the Bible Society would itself ' incur the ' guilt of putting a most fearful fraud upon the world, and laying a deadly snare for the souls of men,' by sanctioning the circulation of the Apocrypha. It is astonishing that any respectable body of men could concur in passing a statement so extravagant. In the first place, no fraud at all has been proved to exist. On the part of the Authors of the Apocrypha, there was none ; on the part of the Church of Rome,—those of its members at least who honestly believe in their canonical authority, there is error, but no fraud : the Bible Society tolerate that error, as they are obliged to tolerate other errors in their Roman Catholic brethren, but how can it participate in a fraud not committed, a crime not proven ? Will it be said that it thereby makes itself a party to the infamous decree of the Council of Trent ? Our sentiments as Protestants are sufficiently known to be at direct variance with its decisions. But the Council of Trent did not originate either the Apocrypha or its intermixture with the Canon. It issued a false decision, but it put no fraud upon the world. As to the charge of ' laying a deadly snare for the souls of men' by giving away the Old and New Testaments with the Apocrypha, it is more worthy of Rome than of Edinburgh. If the whole efficiency of the word of God can thus easily be neutralized by being accompanied with a few books of an uncanonical character, it would really seem to be a doubtful matter, whether its circulation, under any form, can be safe or beneficial. This charge reflects less on the Bible Society than on the Bible itself, and betrays, to say the least, a more intense hatred of the Apocrypha, than faith in

the Inspired Writings. This "zeal for the Lord" is of a suspicious character. "The driving is like the driving of Jehu, for he driveth furiously."

Much irrelevant matter has been introduced into the discussion, which we have neither room nor inclination to notice: we hope that we have not overlooked any essential part of the argument. In conclusion, we cannot but advert to the conduct of the Edinburgh Committee in this affair. Not content with suspending their intercourse with the Bible Society and discontinuing their remittances, they have been industriously circulating their Statement throughout the kingdom, in order to prevail on the Auxiliaries to adopt their sentiments and follow their example. The temper and spirit which pervade the Statement, are but too visible in the whole of their proceedings. Without trying the effect of any deputation to the Parent Committee, any personal remonstrance, they, to use their own expression, 'lost no time' after the receipt of the answer to their menacing Resolution of April 4., in renouncing their connexion with the Society, and determining on the publication of their Resolutions. This eagerness and precipitation in dissolving all friendly intercourse with the Parent Society, indicates that the previous feelings of the Edinburgh Committee could not have been very cordial. We are not in possession of the secret history of these Resolutions; but we happen to know, that an angry feud has long subsisted between the Edinburgh printers and the English Universities, with regard to the circulation of Oxford and Cambridge Bibles in Scotland, and the exclusion of Scotch Bibles from this country. How far this cause of angry feeling may have extended its influence, we cannot tell. That they have acted under strong irritation and vindictive feeling, whatever be its source, is, we imagine, very clear; and this has betrayed them into language and conduct which even those who coincide in their objections feel themselves bound to deprecate. They maintain it to be necessary, 'that grants of money or books should be given only to those Societies which profess to circulate the inspired books, and the inspired books alone.' This would exclude, it has been remarked, the grant of Bibles and Testaments to a Society which distributed prayer-books, or homilies, or the *Scotch Psalms*, &c., and would thus very materially cramp the exertions of many religious and benevolent institutions. It comes with peculiar grace and consistency too from a Committee who, if we are not misinformed, have themselves sanctioned the circulation of the metrical psalms of the Scotch version bound up with the Scriptures. Do they then believe that harmonious and inimitable version to be inspired?

Granting that the London Committee had erred, we cannot think that they merited this sort of attack. Mr. Gorham has done himself equal honour by the manliness of his opposition, and the candour of his admissions with respect to the views and motives of those from whom he differs. It is impossible to mistake the gentlemanly feeling and upright motives by which he is actuated. 'Far from the Writer of these pages,' he says,

'be a feeling discordant from gentlemen whom he honours for their labours of love, and whom he regards as engaged in a cause not less dear to himself than to them. A few of the individuals who at present compose that body, take the view which is developed in these pages: and those among them who advocate the measure here objected to, are doubtless actuated by conscientious motives. It is due to those persons who apologise for the practice which we disapprove, to make the candid admission, that *their* attachment to the Scriptures of Truth is no less steady than that by which we ourselves are influenced. We admit that their apology for an undistinguished Apocrypha, is founded on their anxious desire, that those who will not receive the pure canon of the Old Testament, should be supplied by us with the whole volume of the Bible, even in an *adulterated* form, rather than exclusively with the New Testament. We cannot subscribe to their opinions; but we have no wish to misrepresent their views.'

With respect to the middle course which is here hinted at—the exclusive circulation of the New Testament in Roman Catholic and other countries, it always has been extensively acted upon, and may still in many cases be the preferable plan of proceeding. Nor should we see any impropriety in annexing simply the Psalter to the New Testament. But the question is, whether we are justified in withholding the whole Bible, where it appears to be called for, because foreign churches admit more books than we do into their Canon. It is admitted, that there is no inspired catalogue of the canonical books. Our own Canon may possibly include books not inspired. Nor can the Bible Society take upon themselves to determine what books are canonical, and what are not. They abide by the decision of the Thirty-nine Articles as respects the versions they circulate at home. If foreign churches have not yet come to the same decision, we are not responsible for their erroneous judgement, any more than for the correctness of the versions that are in use among them. If the Committee do not adhere to this principle, they will be constantly fettered and embarrassed in their proceedings. They will require a standing council of Biblical criticism, and must plunge at once into theological discussions. We have the fullest confidence

in the Committee, that, to the utmost of their power, they will discourage either the translation or the printing of the Apocryphal books whether in a separate or an intermingled form; that they will discountenance the circulation of them so far as practicable; that they will endeavour to procure the restoration, as far as may be, in Roman Catholic versions, of Jerome's prefaces and 'daggers;' but this is all, it appears to us, that they consistently can do. We agree with Mr. Gorham, that the rule for future practice must now be definitively understood. They must take their stand on some definite principle, and mildly but firmly abide by it, undismayed by any partial and temporary secessions to which it may lead. For our own part, we have little doubt, that when the question is thoroughly understood, the rash and intemperate conduct of the Edinburgh seceders will produce a re-action in favour of the Parent Committee. Already, in some quarters, the tide has begun to turn, and addresses have been sent up from the Nottingham, Dorking, and West Essex societies, encouraging them to persevere in their decisions. Happy shall we be if these imperfect remarks should contribute in any measure to remove the scruples and quiet the alarms of the conscientious, and to confound the machinations of those who would divide, and, if possible, ruin an Institution which is the glory of our country and the hope of the world.

Art. II. *The Study of Medicine.* By John Mason Good, M.D.
In five volumes.

[*Concluded from Page 117.*]

THE diseases of the sanguineous functions constitute an extensive range. In the physiological proem to this class, Dr. Good first treats of the machinery of the sanguineous system; secondly, of its motive power; and thirdly, of the nature of the contained fluid.

Although we find scattered here and there, among the writings of the ancients, intimations of the blood's movement in a circular way, nothing can lay the smallest claim to any thing like an anticipation of the Harveyan doctrine, which was first propounded a little more than a century ago. Servetus indeed, the notable object of Calvin's persecution, had pointed out the blood's transmission through the pulmonary organs; but the actual discovery is unquestionably due to our countryman, Harvey. Even to this day, however, opinion is by no means unanimous as to the *quo modo* of the blood's distribution: and one modern author has gone so far as to ques-

tion altogether the received notion of the blood's circuit; but this individual stands up alone against a host of proofs.

The principal points that still remain subject to controversy, respect the relative or proportionate parts that the heart, the arteries, and the veins take in executing the great office of circulation as a whole.

That the heart of the more perfect animals, as the mammalia and birds, is a compound organ, is a fact sufficiently established. The organ is divided, indeed, into pulmonic and systemic: the one is destined to transmit the blood through the lungs, while, from the other, it is sent through the circuit of the body, having been first subjected to atmospheric influence in the pulmonary organs. But does the heart, in either case, accomplish the whole projection, or is it assisted by the propelling power of the vessels? Harvey conceived that all arterial motion is resolvable into the elasticity of the vessel, while true muscularity or positive propelling agency, he thought, is confined to the heart; and this doctrine, which till lately had been on the decline, has recently been advocated with much ability, both by English and Continental physiologists. It has been averred, that true muscular fibre does not pertain to the tunics of the blood-vessels;—that what has been supposed such, is mere membrane taking on the semblance of fibrous structure, and is destitute of contractile power. The majority, however, still reason upon the supposition of an independent action in the vessel itself; and in the smaller or very minute ramifications, the manner in which the blood is transmitted, would, independently of all argument derived from anatomical structure, seem to prove a faculty in the vessel beyond mere elasticity; for, while the blood in the larger branches of arteries moves by jerks, it is conveyed through the capillaries in one continuous stream. The principal difficulty in respect to the *rationale* of the circulating process, consists in the manner of interchange between the arteries and the veins; for, even conceding to the cardiac hypothesis, if we may so term it, that the heart has power to inject even the minutest artery by virtue of its own contractile and propelling force, we are still at a loss to explain (and that almost equally upon either hypothesis of the circulation) how the fluid gets into the reflux vessels. Physiologists have found themselves under the necessity of appealing to a sort of imbibing power possessed by the venous portion of the heart, and by the veins themselves, to explain this part of the process; and some of them have evinced a great share of ingenuity in applying this principle to the facts in question; but

still, we want *data* quite satisfactory on this head.

John Hunter's 'stimulus of necessity,' by which he cuts his way through all difficulties, as well as his notion of the blood's vitality, ought not to be accepted in the way of explanation, even with the authority of his great name in support of them, since they are merely ideal; and all language which goes upon the supposition, that an appeal to final causes constitutes any explanation of power, ought to be rejected as inconsistent with that precision which modern philosophy demands.

The blood itself is homogeneous while flowing through its vessels, but, upon being poured out of them, soon separates into two parts; the liquid portion consisting mainly of albumen with a little fibrin, the solid portion being principally made up of this latter, and colouring matter. Several saline ingredients are likewise detected in analyzing the blood. Iron also exists in it, in a very small proportion, and in the form of an oxyde, with some of subphosphate. Many physiologists (and Dr. Good seems to rank in the number) think that the colour of the blood is attributable to the iron it contains; but Vauquelin and Brande controvert this notion, on the ground that other animal matter contains iron, which is nevertheless destitute of the red colour. The latter chemist tells us, that he finds iron in chyle quite as abundantly as in blood itself.

'It is probable that the red particles, however formed, contribute to the strength of animals to whom they are *natural*, as conjectured by Mr. John Hunter, and that the strength of such animals is proportioned, or nearly so, to their number. Yet, such particles are never found in the blood of several classes of animals, as insects and worms; and in those in which they are found, they have often no existence in the commencement of life, for they are not discoverable in the egg of the chick, when the heart first begins to pulsate; nor are they, in any animals, pushed into the extreme arteries, where we must suppose the serum reaches. And hence, whatever their value, they cannot be regarded as the most important part of the blood, or as chiefly contributing to the growth and repair of the system.'

The average quantity of blood in the human body has been variously estimated. Considerable impediments must of course lie in the way of calculations for ascertaining this point; but it is probable that Haller and Dr. Young come nearest the mark in their estimates: they deem the average quantity in an adult of full size to be from thirty to forty pounds. Professor Blumenbach estimates it as 1 to 5 of the body's entire weight.

We have still much to learn, not merely in respect to the real difference between human blood and that of quadrupeds,

but as to the real difference between that of any one species of animal and any other. Berzelius observes, that 'the great agreement in the composition of human and ox blood is remarkable, and explains to us the possibility of the phenomena observed in the experiments in transfusion.' But we have a clear proof, that the blood of one species of animals differs so much from that of another, either in its principles or their modification, that no benefit can result from transfusion, unless from like kinds to like kinds. Thus, according to several interesting experiments of Dr. Blundell, 'a dog asphyxiated by hæmorrhage may easily be recovered by a transfusion of blood from another dog, but is little or not at all relieved if the blood be taken from man.'

'Upon the whole, we cannot but regard the blood as, in many respects, the most important fluid in the animal machine; from it all the solids are derived and nourished, and all the other fluids are secreted; and it is hence the basis or common pabulum of every part. And as it is the source of general health, so it is also of general disease. In inflammation it takes a considerable share, and evinces a peculiar appearance. The miasms of fever and exantheas are harmless to every other part of the system, and only become mischievous when they reach the blood; and emetic tartar, when introduced into the jugular vein, will vomit in one or two minutes, although it might require perhaps half an hour if thrown into the stomach, and in fact does not vomit till it has reached the circulation. And the same is true of opium, jalap, and most of the poisons, animal, mineral, and vegetable. If imperfectly elaborated, or with a disproportion of some of its constituent principles to the rest, the whole system partakes of the evil; and a dysthesis or morbid habit is the certain consequence; whence tabes, atrophy, scurvy, and various species of gangrene. And if it becomes once impregnated with a peculiar taint, it is wonderful to remark the tenacity with which it retains it, though often in a state of dormancy or inactivity, for years, or even entire generations. For as every germ and fibre of every other part is formed and regenerated from the blood, there is no other part of the system that we can so well look to as the seat of such taint, or the predisposing cause of the disorder I am now alluding to: often corporeal, as gout, struma, phthisis; sometimes mental, as madness; and occasionally both, as cretinism.'

The latter part of the above sentence savours perhaps too much of that kind of reasoning which presumes, rather than infers. It is highly probable, that the blood does thus contain the *semina* of disease; but the *materies morbi*, in those cases has never been detected, and the nervous pathologist might contend, that the *primum mobile* of deranged action is traceable further back than the blood; that secreted disease is

not a selection of the elements of the blood, but a change effected in its entire mass; and that thus, its germs are not properly contained in any part of the system, but are dependent upon some mode of action in the fibrous or nervous part of the frame. In both cases, however, data would be wanting for unexceptionable inference; and we here allude to either possibility, under a jealous feeling against admitting any thing merely supposititious as an established principle. This has been throughout, the bane of philosophizing.

‘What can we reason but from what we know?’

Among the disorders of the sanguineous function, fevers occupy the most conspicuous rank; and there are but few systems of Nosology which would deny them the first place in the class of vascular derangements. By this very admission, however, a departure is made from consistency in arrangement, since this situation is chosen for them from their external manifestation, rather than from their cause and essence. True it is, that the existence of fever cannot properly be predicated, unless irritation of blood-vessels be present; but then, in adopting a nomenclature founded upon this irritation, we presume upon the vascular disturbance being the actual essence or radix of the state, which is so far from having been proved, that it is not even admitted by some of the writers who thus classify it. Dr. Cullen, for instance, considers fever, as to its origin, a disorder of the sentient system.

Fever was, in the Greek schools, founded on the doctrine of the concoction and evacuation of morbid matter. Boerhaave regarded it as resulting from a sort of *lentor* in the blood. Hoffman, borrowing Stahl's notion of a governing principle presiding over animal movements, but degrading this principle from the rank of an intelligent agent, gave to it a sort of physically conservative property, and upon it built his explanation of febrile heat and re-action; while Cullen, again, proposed to improve upon Hoffman, by dwelling upon the first link in disordered movements, and developing his ideas of spasm as the immediate source of re-action. Brown and Darwin, under an assumed simplicity of language, talked as vaguely as any of their predecessors about the accumulated and exhausted excitability or sensorial power. Ploucquet and Clutterbuck have announced, in our day, that fever is nothing more nor less than inflammation of the brain; while others, also assuming its local and inflammatory origin, place the topical disorder from which it proceeds, in mucous surfaces or serous membranes. The futility of all these hypotheses, Dr. Good has, we think, satisfactorily shewn, with scarcely per-

haps sufficient allusion to the pathology which identifies the state in question with membranous irritation.*

Fever, in fact, is a general diversion of animal movements from their ordinary or healthy course, the vascular and probably nervous commotion that is excited, generating heat; and this is literally all we know of the matter, after two thousand years of speculation and dispute. These speculations, from having a long time hinged rather upon abstract principles, are now taking on a more close and physical character, and we are happily freed, in a great measure, from the incumbrance of wordy disputations and *Deus intersit* reveries. Indeed, the tendency of the present day is to the opposite extreme; and as if we were afraid of the old *vires naturæ* assumptions, we seem now sedulously to steer clear of the principle of universal commotion. The topographical pathologist of modern times will have a local habitation for, and a tangible hold of every thing. But he often demands more than anatomy will supply him with; and it certainly behoves him to be careful of not taking effects for causes, as his predecessors took words for things.

‘The general answer,’ says Dr. Good, ‘to pathologists of every description who thus confound or identify fevers with inflammation, whether of a single organ or of all organs equally, is, that though fever is commonly a symptom or sequel of inflammation, inflammation is not uncommonly a symptom or sequel of fevers. And hence, though *post obit* examinations in cases of those who have died of fever, should show inflammation in the brain, the liver, or any other organ, it is by no means a proof that the disease originated there, since the same appearance may take place equally as an effect, and as a cause: whilst a single example of fever terminating fatally without a trace of inflammation in any organ whatever, and such examples are perpetually occurring, is sufficient to establish the existence of fever as an idiopathic malady, and to separate the febrile from the phlogistic divisions of disease.’

* That pathology which has been founded upon the assumption of membranous irritation, and which has become recently so fashionable, especially on the Continent, how faulty and futile soever in some of its admissions and deductions, ought to have received more attention than has been given to it by Dr. Good, since he professes to be the historian of doctrines and systems down to the transactions of the present day. We may here, indeed, reiterate the charge before brought against our Author, viz. that, in some instances, he is not quite the historian of contemporary times. We say this even in the face of the second edition of the book. At the same time we concede to Dr. G., that much of what professes to be valuable and even modern, in modern times, is by no means actually so.

As in regard to the *rationale*, so, with respect to the exciting source of fever, Dr. Good is, in our opinion, the most lucid and satisfactory author extant. He has well pointed out the errors that almost all the systematic writers who have preceded him have committed, in not giving sufficient weight to the modifying influences of the interior condition and external circumstance of the recipient. Upon this head, our opinions will not be found entirely to coincide with those of the present Author. His views on the doctrine of febrile excitation, however, we hold to be a fine specimen of eclectic theorizing; and we should be doing him and the cause injustice, were we not to insert at length his corollaries respecting febrile miasm.

1. The decomposition of dead organized matter, under the influence of certain agents, produces a miasm that proves a common cause of fever.

2. The whole of these agents have not been explored; but so far as we are acquainted with them, they seem to be the common auxiliaries of putrefaction, as warmth, moisture, air, and rest, or stagnation.

3. The nature of fever depends partly on the state of the body at the time of attack, but chiefly upon some modification in the powers or qualities of the febrile miasm, by the varying proportions of these agents in relation to each other, in different places and seasons, and hence the diversity of quotidians, tertians, and quartians, remittent and continued fevers, sometimes mild and sometimes malignant.

4. The decomposition of the effluvium transmitted from the living human body, produces a miasm similar to that generated by a decomposition of dead organized matter, and hence capable of becoming a cause of fever under the influence of the like agents.

5. The fever, thus excited, is varied or modified by many of the same incidents that modify the miasmic principle when issuing from dead organized matter; and hence a like diversity of type and vehemence.

6. During the action of the fever thus produced, the effluvium from the living body is loaded with miasm of the same kind, completely elaborated as it passes off, and standing in no need of a decomposition of the effluvium for its formation. Under this form it is commonly known by the name of febrile contagion. In many cases, all the secretions are alike contaminated; and hence febrile miasm of this kind is often absorbed in dissection, by an accidental wound in the hand, and excites its specific influence on the body of the anatomist.

7. The miasm of human effluvium is chiefly distinguished from that of dead organized matter by being less volatile, and having a power of more directly exhausting or debilitating the sensorial energy when once received into the system. Whence the fevers

generated in jails or other confined and crowded scenes, contaminate the atmosphere to a less distance than those from marshy and other swamps, but act with a greater degree of depression on the living fibre.

' 8. The more stagnant the atmosphere, the more accumulated the miasmatic corpuscle, from whatever source derived; and the more accumulated these corpuscles, the more general the disease.

' 9. The miasmatic material becomes dissolved or decomposed in a free influx of atmospheric air, and the purer the air, the more readily the dissolution takes place; whence, *è contrario*, the fouler as well as more stagnant the air, the more readily it spreads its infection.

' 10. Under particular circumstances, and where the atmosphere is peculiarly loaded with contamination, the miasm that affects man is capable also of affecting other animals.

' 11. By a long and gradual exposure to the influence of febrile miasm, however produced, the human frame becomes torpid to its action, as it does to the action of other irritants; whence the natives of swampy countries and prisoners confined in jails with typhous contamination around them, are affected far less readily than strangers; and, in numerous instances, are not affected at all.

' 12. For the same reason, those who have once suffered from fever of whatever kind hereby produced, are less liable to be influenced a second time; and, in some instances, seem to obtain a complete emancipation.'

Inflammation, as well as fever, is still a subject of dispute, both as to its constitution and its cause. That mere vascular excitement does not constitute the condition, it is easier to say, than to draw the line precisely where mere excitation terminates, and actual inflammation commences. Some theorists have made inflammation to consist in the production of new fibres and new vessels; but this is to consider an invariable consequence as an absolute essence, and the links of the chain must be traced lower down. Perhaps, our Author marks the circumstances of the inflamed state as explicitly as can well be done, till pathology shall know something more of it than at present.

' The first stage of the process consists in the effusion of a coagulable lymph, which binds the weakened organization into a closer bond of union, creates new vessels, and consequently introduces new life.'

It is of much more importance than we can here stop to prove, that positive inflammation should be in this manner recognised as a something more complicated than mere high action. In discussing the question, whether debility or strength characterizes it, we were pleased to find our Author free from

the trammels of systematic exclusion, and ready to complain of those individuals who reason in this, as in other points of pathology, too much in the abstract.

From the Sanguineous, Dr. Good proceeds to consider the Nervous faculty, 'the possession of which emphatically distinguishes animals from plants, and the perfection of which 'as emphatically distinguishes man from all other animals.'

Our Author's division under this head is threefold. He first treats of the general nature of the brain and nerves; he then goes on to speak of the principle of sensation and motion; and thirdly, treats of the intellectual principle.

The first thing that strikes the observer, in examining the brain of man and of the more perfect animals, is, the various configurations and parts of the organ without any manifest reason. In other parts and organs of the body, you can discover, with more or less precision, the final cause of the particular structure; as when you see an excretory duct, or a secreting membrane. But who has ever been able to give even a plausible guess at the meaning of the ventricles, the office of the fornix, or the purpose of the pineal gland? Even the new hypothesis, that sections of the brain are allotted for the manifestation of separate faculties, were its correctness allowed, does not throw the smallest light upon this 'dark obscure.' Indeed, the complexity in the formation of the brain, evidently tending to one harmonious result, might be supposed, in some measure, inconsistent with that sectional system, if it may be so named, to which we now allude, and from the premises of which, inferences have been so precipitately and largely deduced.

That the brain and the nerves constitute together the organs of perception and the *media* of loco-motion, is proved by experiment. If we compress a nerve by a ligature, or divide, or tear it, the moving organ upon which it is distributed, loses its feeling, or its perception becomes deranged, as well as its loco-motive power. Sensation and motion, likewise, under certain circumstances, are suspended or rendered irregular by compression of the brain. The nerves issuing from the brain, are of three orders: the first immediately proceed from the organ itself, and are principally the nerves of the senses; the second, issuing from the spinal marrow, mainly constitute the nerves of motion; while there is, thirdly, a universally communicating nerve, which cannot be properly said to have either commencement or termination, but which is 'an emporium of nervous commerce and an instrument of general sympathy;' it is principally distributed through the viscera of the chest and abdomen.

Man has not, positively or abstractedly, the largest brain of all animals, but he has the largest in proportion to the nerves which issue from it; and there seems to be 'a direct proportion between the degree of intelligence in every class of animals and the bulk of the brain, where the latter bears an inverse proportion to the nerves that arise from it.' The largest brain which M. Sommering ever dissected in the horse kind, weighed only 1lb. 4oz., while the smallest he has met with in an adult man, was 2lb. 5oz. Now, the nerves of the horse, taken as a whole, are ten times as large as those of man.

As we descend in the scale of animals, we find first the brain giving way, and a mere nervous chord supplying its place; and at length this last itself disappears.

'The hydra, or nearly transparent polypi, found so frequently in the stagnant waters of our own country, with a body an inch long, and arms and tentacles in proportion, seem, when examined by the largest magnifying glasses, to consist of a congeries of granular globules or molecules, not unlike boiled sago, surrounded by a gelatinous substance; in some tribes solitary, in others catenated; and hence, whatever degree of sensation or voluntary motion exists in such animals, can only be conceived as issuing from these molecules acting the part of nervous ganglions, detached or connected.'

Although the nerves are demonstrably the *media* of sensation and motion, the mode in which these faculties are brought into play through their agency, does not appear equally plain; and it is not even a settled point, whether the same nervous *fibrillæ* are the organs of both functions. Dr. Good inclines all along to the notion of a nervous fluid; and this would be very well, did he limit himself to the mere hypothetical suggestion. But we think we perceive an error in his mode of explaining some affections of the nervous class, founded upon his taking for granted what ought first to be proved; and we are especially fearful of any thing of this kind creeping in among modern reasonings, since it is the source of so much mischief, and ends in mere verbiage. Dr. Good may be displeased with us for thus striking at the root of his favourite dogmata, (we especially allude to his explanation of convulsive disorder,) but we would ask, in what do his speculations on this head differ from Cullen's excitement and collapse, or from Darwin's accumulation and exhaustion of sensorial power? And we would further ask, what advances are made in real knowledge by adopting any of these principia? It has been seen, that we bow not to the great name even of Hunter, when his reasoning takes this objectionable turn; and the present Author ought, indeed, to receive our solicitude on this score as com-

plimentary rather than otherwise, since we presume upon his work becoming one of classical authority.

But, leaving this question of nervous fluid as one quite unsettled, let us pursue the inquiry into the particular mode of nervous agency. It has already been said, that the sentient organization, taken as a whole, presents three distinct portions. You have, first, the mass of brain and the immediately proceeding nerves; you have, secondly, the spinal marrow with its nerves; and you have, lastly, the great nerve of general commerce and sympathy. This last is especially characterized by its numerous ganglia; and although these bodies are found in other parts of the nervous system, yet, they are in far greater abundance, and differently distributed, on the sympathetic nerve. Bichat first taught, that there are two leading divisions, as to faculty and function, in the sentient frame, viz. the animal and the organic; the first being exercised mainly through the medium of the brain and its dependencies; the second having principally to do with the ganglia of the sympathetic nerve: the ganglionic system influences, principally, the mere organic and involuntary functions; the central, the voluntary and intellectual. There is this further distinction, according to Bichat, between the manifestations of the one and the other; that the nerves of animal life have a centre and source, while the ganglionic system is so constructed as that each ganglion has a separate and, in some measure, independent faculty. Le Gallois differs from Bichat in opinion respecting the nature and extent of influence exercised by the brain over organic life, while Wilson Philip's views incline rather to a combination of both hypotheses: he supposes, with Bichat, that the ganglionic nerves are differently excited from the central; but, with Le Gallois, he looks upon the brain as influential, both upon the voluntary and the involuntary functions. In the former case, he conceives that the power to act, is transmitted immediately to the acting organ from a particular part of either the cranial or spinal brain; while to the viscera, the movements of which are chiefly involuntary, he imagines, that the sentient and motive influence is derived from every part of the brain, and is thus conveyed through the great chain of ganglia.

There does not seem much room to doubt, that the whole nervous system is, in some measure, called into play, in the manifestation of faculties. But, in support of the hypothesis which assumes a difference between mere organic or ganglionic, and animal or central life, it may be remarked, that those organized beings which are low in the scale of vitality, are without brain, and are possessed of numerous ganglia.

And it may be further stated, that, in proportion to the strength of intellect, is the largeness of the brain relatively to other parts of the nervous organization. It has been averred, that idiots among the human species are found, upon *post obit* inspection, to have the visceral ganglia of the great sympathetic much developed.*

We cannot follow our ingenious Author through the last section of the present proem. We always feel a little averse from physiology stretching itself out into metaphysical speculations; and it has been seen in one notable instance of modern times, what sad work organic philosophy makes, when it quits its own, and enters into other provinces of speculation. We must, however, in justice to Dr. Good, present the following specimen of his sentiments on the subject of mind.

' Of the nature of the mind or soul itself, we know little beyond what REVELATION has informed us; we have no chemical test that can reach its essence; no glasses that can trace its mode of union with the brain; no analogies that can illustrate the rapidity of its movements. And hence the darkness that in this respect hung over the speculations of the Indian gymnosophists and the philosophers of Greece, continues without abatement, and has equally resisted the labours of modern metaphysicians and physiologists. That the mind is an intelligent principle, we know from nature; and that it is a principle endowed with immortality and capable of existing after death in a state separate from the body, to which, however, it is hereafter to be re-united, at a period when that which is now mortal, shall put on immortality, and death itself be swallowed up of victory—we learn from the God of Nature. And with such information

* Some very recent experiments made in France by Flourens and others, have been supposed to throw considerable light on the physiology of cerebral functions, and to prove that, while sensations acquire distinctness and durability through the media of the cerebral lobes, the spinal chord originates muscular contractions, and the cerebellum controls and regulates the voluntary motions. We may probably take an early opportunity of presenting to our readers a survey of these and other doctrines by which the physiological world is now agitated; and in that case, we shall be called upon to animadvert on the present dispute between Charles Bell and M. Majendie, respecting their claims to priority of discovery. For the present we shall only say, that philosophical ardour, in some instances, outstrips precision in reasoning, and that inferences are too largely and loosely deduced. All our experiments are apt, as above intimated, to overlook too much the fact, that injuries done to the brain, must more or less influence, by propagation, the *whole* organ; and that this injury must, in its manifestation, interfere with conclusions respecting the functions of separate parts.

we may rest satisfied; and, with suitable modesty, direct our investigations to those lower branches of this mysterious subject that lie within the grasp of our reason.'

When treating on the sexual function, Dr. Good takes a somewhat extensive and by no means uninteresting survey of the theories of generation and the laws of organic propagation, from plants and the lowest order of animals, in which we find no distinction of sex, up to the highest class of animated beings. He opposes what has been named the sympathetic theory of conception, but admits, that there are difficulties connected with the subject, which have in no measure been lessened by the conceits of fanciful speculators. It must be sufficiently obvious, that we cannot do any justice to this part of the inquiry without going more into anatomical detail than is consistent with our plan; we shall therefore waive the discussion entirely, and limit ourselves to the following extract in reference to hereditary transmission and taint, with which the proem concludes. Having alluded to the difficulties attendant upon irregular and monstrous productions, our Author goes on to say:—

'Nor less inexplicable is the generative power of transmitting peculiarities of talents, of form, or of defects, in a long line of hereditary descent, and occasionally of suspending the peculiarity through a link or two, or an individual or two, with an apparent capriciousness, and then of exhibiting them once more in full vigour. The vast influence which this recondite but active power possesses, as well over the mind as the body, cannot at all times escape the notice of the most inattentive. Not only are wit, beauty, and genius propagable in this manner but dulness, madness, and deformity of every kind.

'Even where accident, or a cause we cannot discover, has produced a preternatural conformation or singularity in a particular organ, it is astonishing to behold how readily it is often copied by the generative power, and how tenaciously it adheres to the future lineage. A preternatural defect in the hand or foot has, in many cases, been so common to the succeeding members of a family, as to lay a foundation in every age and country for the family name, as that of Varro, Valgius, Flaccus, and Plautus of Rome. Seleucus had the mark of an anchor on his thigh, and is said to have transmitted it to his posterity: and supernumerary fingers and toes have descended in a direct line for many generations in various countries. Hence hornless sheep and hornless oxen produce an equally hornless offspring, and the broad-tailed Asiatic sheep yields a progeny with a tail equally monstrous, often of not less than half a hundred pounds weight. And hence, too, those enormous prominences in the hinder parts of one or two of the nations at the back of the Cape of Good Hope, of which examples have been furnished to us in our own island.

'How are we, moreover, to account for that fearful host of dis-

eases, gout, consumption, scrophula, leprosy, and madness, which, originating perhaps in the first sufferer accidentally, are propagated so deeply and so extensively that it is difficult to meet with a family whose blood is totally free from all hereditary taint? By what means this predisposition can be best arrested, it is not easy to determine. But as there can be no question that intermarriages among the collateral branches of the same family tend more than any thing else to fix and multiply and aggravate it, there is reason to believe that unions between total strangers, and perhaps inhabitants of different countries, form the surest antidote. For, admitting that such strangers to each other may be tainted on either side with some morbid predisposition peculiar to their respective lineages, each must lose something of its influence by the admixture of a new soil; and we are not without analogies to render it probable that, in their mutual encounter, the one may even destroy the other by a specific power. And hence nothing can be wiser, on physical as well as moral grounds, than the restraints which divine and human laws have concurred in laying on marriages between relations; and though there is something quaint and extravagant, there is something sound at the bottom, in the following remark of the sententious Burton upon this subject: "And surely (says he) I think it has been ordered by God's especial providence, that in all ages there should be, once in six hundred years, a transmigration of nations to amend and purify their blood, as we alter seed upon our land; and that there should be, as it were, an inundation of those northern Goths and Vandals, and many such like people, which came out of that continent of Scandia and Sarmatia, as some suppose, and overran as a deluge most part of Europe and Africa, to alter for our good our complexions, that were much defaced with hereditary infirmities, which by our lust and intemperance we had contracted."

Our Author lastly treats of the excrement function. We do not feel satisfied that this is placed with propriety in the rear of all the others. Since it involves the especial characteristic of organic, as opposed to dead matter, (*viz.* the power of assimilating exterior substances into part of itself,) it would, we think, have been more in order, for assimilation and excretion to have followed immediately upon digestion, for the sanguineous and the respiratory functions to have succeeded, and for the nervous and generative to have closed the account. Life, however, with its attributes, is so completely circular, that, commence from what point you may in the development, something must in a manner be presumed as known, till the place occurs for fuller explanation.

An organized body is necessarily undergoing a constant mutation; and this, as above intimated, constitutes one of its prime characteristics. Dead matter continues to preserve its form and essence, without receiving any thing from what is around it, and without undergoing any internal changes,

beyond what temperature or mechanical circumstance operates; for, when actual change is effected by chemical agency, the mass loses its identity, or becomes a different substance. It is not so with living bodies; they are momentarily and necessarily receiving supplies from without; are as constantly converting part of this supply into part of their own essence; and are thus maintaining identity through the very sources by which unorganized matter is deprived of it. By what agency is this effect produced? As the process of change supposes something given out, as well as something received, there must necessarily exist a secernent as well as an absorbent system; and the secernent function is indeed, in one sense, more complete than the other; since there are two kinds of separation to be effected from the general mass, one of matter which is useful, the other of effete substance: the exhalations from the lungs and surface of the body furnish examples of the latter, while the secretion of bile, and the cerumen of the ears, may be instanced as belonging to the former. It was at one time supposed, 'that all the vast varieties of animal productions which are traced in the different secretory organs, whether wax or tears, milk or bile, or saliva, were formerly contained in the circulating mass, and that the only office of these organs was, to *separate* them respectively from the other materials that entered into the very complex crasis of the blood; whence, indeed, the name of SECERNENTS, or secretories, which mean nothing more than *separating powers*.'

It is now, however, pretty generally allowed, that the secreting organs are possessed of a sort of creative power; and nothing is more surprizing in the whole of our mysterious organization, than the fact, that from precisely the same blood, two secernent vessels, which in some instances are mere follicles, shall immediately and simultaneously engender a different product. Who shall say, for example, from any conceivable principle beyond the ultimate law of final cause, why the surface of the body should pour out perspirable matter, while the membrane that lines the nostrils, shall secrete its peculiar fluid?—there being no more complication of structure in one case than in the other. And when, from mere terminal arteries and follicular organizations, we mount up to the larger and more complex glands, as the liver and the kidneys, we shall be still equally *at fault*, if we endeavour to explain results from organic conformation. But some matter, it has been said, is separated from, to be received again into the system. By what machinery is this effected? The anatomist has been able to trace small pellucid tubes in almost all parts of the body, and physiologists have inferred their existence even when the knife

of the dissector has failed to trace them, as in the brain. These vessels have been named absorbents, under the supposition that absorption is entirely effected by them, and lymphatics, from the limpid nature of their contained fluid. They are supposed to arise by open mouths in all parts where glands, or follicles, or terminal arteries pour out their contents,—to select their own material from those contents, and to reconvey it into the blood. The ancients had not detected these vessels; and they accounted for the introduction of matter into the blood, as well as the exit of other matter from it, by an imbibing and transuding power in the blood-vessels themselves. Upon the discovery of the lymphatic vessels, the whole power of assimilation was given over by the moderns to these latter; and the inference, that they possessed this faculty exclusively, was strengthened by the discovery of a particular kind, the lacteals; so called from their contents being milky and turbid, in opposition to the thin and pellucid matter of the lymphatics generally. These lacteals were perceived to arise from the internal surface of the alimentary canal, were demonstrated to take up the nutritious, from the effete portion of the *ingesta*, and were traced with the other lymphatics to a common termination, by a single trunk, into the blood-vessels. Absorption and assimilation, as well as secretion, came then to be considered as distinct faculties from circulation; and to the lymphatics and lacteals were the offices exclusively awarded, of adding to the organized frame.

Recently, however, this doctrine of lymphatic absorption has been controverted; and it has been argued, that the function of the lymphatics is merely that of 'conveying the finer lymph of the blood directly to the heart, as the veins convey the grosser and purple part.' Some physiologists are busily engaged, at the present moment, in settling the point of lymphatic or venous absorption; and it cannot be denied, that much has been advanced, in the way both of experiment and observation, that is favourable to the ancient doctrine of a transuding and imbibing power possessed by the blood-vessels themselves. It must further be allowed, that as, in respect to the blood's circulation, and the mode of nervous agency, much remains to be discovered and proved, before complete satisfaction can be predicated; so, in regard to the discerning and assimilating processes, the more we inquire and investigate, the more we find, that hasty inference has too much usurped the place of cautious deduction; that a great deal remains to be learned, and not a little to be unlearned.

It has been supposed, that the question of an imbibing faculty in the blood-vessels might be set at rest, were it demon-

strated that they can receive matter from without through their coats; and experiments have accordingly been instituted, with a view to determine this point, the results of which have proved the power. But objections have been taken against the decisive nature of these proofs, on the ground that animals experimented on are differently circumstanced from others in respect of vital susceptibility, and from the presumption that the *vasa vasorum* were the media of inlets in the cases adduced; these latter having their own accompanying lymphatics.

Of the faculty in question, it may be remarked further, that even were the demonstration as unequivocal as could be desired by the advocates of venous absorption, there are several occurrences in the animal economy, that are still inexplicable even upon the principle of this ready and direct entrance of matter from without; which it is indeed quite as difficult to explain upon the theory of venous, as upon that of lymphatic absorption, and which serve to substantiate what has just been advanced as to the exceeding obscurity of this part of physiology. Much, however, may be expected from present and future labourers in so wide and fertile a field; and investigations are more likely now than formerly to lead to satisfactory results, since they are regulated by the eclectic determination to resist mere *ipse dixit* authority.

Among the affections incident to the secernent and absorbent function, Dr. Good is called upon to canvas the theory and nomenclature of cutaneous diseases; and in this part of the work, we meet with an elaborate investigation respecting leprous distempers. A great deal of the confusion that has crept into the accounts of these disorders, our Author attributes to the Arabic writers employing the words *Berat* and *Boak* indiscriminately, whereas the former among the Hebrews denoted a genus, the latter only a species; and to the further and still more confusing laxity of the Greeks in translating the Hebrew *Tsorat*. These and some other circumstances have occasioned the loose application of *lepra* to very many distempers that have nothing in common with the true leprous or scaly distemper, and have particularly embarrassed nosologists who have applied themselves to the investigation, without an acquaintance with the eastern languages. We cannot but admire the learning and labour manifested in the prosecution of this research; but to us, who are in some measure sceptical in respect to the identity of most disorders that are transmitted through a series of ages and through a variety of regions, the discussion does not possess very great interest. We believe that the *idiom of disease*, as well as of language, insensibly

changes from its original state, and that much of the intricacy complained of is traceable to this source.

Art. III. *A Tour in Germany and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the Years 1820, 1821, 1822.* By John Russell, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Second Edition. Edinburgh. 1825.

WE are conducted by these elegant volumes through a part of Europe which has been frequently visited and frequently described. In a book of travels, however, whatever be the amount of information gained, the manner of describing is every thing. It is this that constitutes the difference between a mere itinerary, and a lively and agreeable transcript of the impressions of an observing and intelligent traveller. To this praise, Mr. Russell's *Tour* is justly entitled. What has been told before, he tells better, and what has been well known, appears to be new, from his mode of relating it. But the book contains a large portion of original information; nor do we know any work which imparts so much valuable knowledge, or in so pleasing a form, respecting the moral and intellectual condition of Germany.

In his journey from Paris to Strasburgh, the Author's taste for picturesque beauty seems to have rendered him strongly sensitive to the dreariness of the eastern provinces of France in winter. We have ourselves experienced their monotony and heaviness, under the brilliant lights of a summer's sun. Indeed, France, with the exception of Normandy, is the most unpicturesque country in Europe. Even in the south, the land of romance and fiction, there are neither fields, nor forest-trees, nor houses, nor enclosures, nor men, nor beasts, to refresh and gladden the eye. Stunted olive-trees, just as majestic as pollard willows, and vines so cut and dwarfed as to make currant-bushes tall by comparison,—are all the verdure to clothe a white, arid surface, stretching in unmeasured wastes every where around you. The total want of wood, of corn, of pasture,—the aspect of the whole country apparently untenanted by animal or human population,—the gloomy stillness of the air, unbroken by the sound of a bird,—make us feel as if the general pulse of nature stood still in these cheerless but much vaunted regions. No white cottages, no rural hamlet, no neat farm-house, as in England;—even the *chateau* stands a monument of desolation and loneliness, without wood, lawn, park, or pleasure-ground, but only a filthy village appended to its court-yard, and composed of wretched hovels, the seats of

filth and beggary. But we are indulging our own observations instead of attending to Mr. Russell's.

His route was from Strasburgh along the Rhine, by Manheim, Heidelberg, and Frankfort to Weimar and Jena; thence, by Leipsic to Dresden, Cassel, and Gottingen,—to Hanover and Berlin, by Cracow and Moravia to Vienna, with a rapid journey through Styria to Carniola and the shores of the Adriatic.

From the appearance of the inhabitants, and the mixture of languages, Strasburgh immediately announces that the Rhine was not always the boundary of France. The distinction of descent, manners, and language, has never been effaced. 'The stolid Swabian,' says Mr. Russell,

'and serious Swiss drover are deaf to the charms of the universal language and kitchen. At Strasburgh you may dine on dishes as impenetrably disguised, or languish over *entremets* as nearly refined away to nothing, as at the tables of the great Parisian rivals, Very and Vefours: or, on the other side of the street, for half the money, you may have more German fat, plain boiled beef, and sour cabbage. The German kitchen is essentially a plain, solid, greasy kitchen; it has often by far too much of the last quality. People of rank, indeed, in the great capitals, are as mad on French cookery as the most delicate of their equals in London; but the national cookery, in its general character, is the very reverse of that of France; and it is by no means certain that the national cookery of a people may not have some connection with its national character. The German justly prides himself on the total absence of parade, on the openness, plainness, and sincerity which mark his character; accordingly, he boils his beef, and roasts his mutton and fowls, just as they come from the hands of the butcher and the poulterer. If a gourmand of Vienna stuff his Styrian capon with truffles, this is an unwonted tribute to delicacy of palate. French cookery, again, really seems to be merely a product of the vanity and parade which are inseparable from the French character. Culinary accomplishments are, to the dinner of a Parisian, just what sentiment is to his conversation. They are both substitutes for the solid beef and solid feeling which either are not there at all, or, if they be there, are intended for no other purpose than to give a name. No one portion of God's creatures is reckoned fit for a Frenchman's dinner till he himself has improved it beyond all possibility of recognition. His cookery seems to proceed on the very same principle on which his countrymen laboured to improve Raphael's pictures, viz. that there is nothing in nature or art so good, but he can make it better.' Vol. I. pp. 6—8.

Our Traveller's description of Weimar is truly excellent. It is the capital of a little state, whose whole population does not exceed 200,000 souls. With the well-earned reputation of being the Athens of Germany, its inhabitants pride themselves on considering it merely as a large village. Madame de Stael

has painted this interesting place with the rich colours of her own enthusiasm; but the good sense and discrimination of Mr. Russell render him a safer guide. Yet, the panegyric of Weimar could not be more eloquently pronounced, than in the description of that accomplished female. 'Small towns,' she remarks, 'have always seemed to me very dull. The minds of the men are narrow,—the hearts of the women cold. We live so much in the society of each other, that we are oppressed by our equals. It is not the far-off voice of fame, cheering and animating you; it is the examination by piecemeal of the every-day actions of your life,—a nice observation of you in detail, which makes it impossible, that the whole of your character should be comprehended. Any degree of elevation or independence of character makes us unable to breathe within these narrow boundaries. But this disagreeable restraint does not exist at Weimar, which is less a small town, than a large mansion, where a select party converse upon every new production of art and literature. The women, amiable disciples of eminent men, are as much occupied upon literary works, as if they were the most important events of life. The whole frame of nature is brought home to them by contemplation and study. They escape by comprehension of thought from the petty limits of circumstances; and discussing the great questions which are called forth by the common destiny of all, they lose sight of the trivial and little histories of each other. None of those provincial coxcombs are to be met with at Weimar, who mistake arrogance for dignity, and conceive affectation to be elegance.'

Weimar is little indebted either to art or to nature. Excepting the palace, which the exhausted state of his finances has hitherto prevented the Grand Duke from completing, and the parliament-house, there is not a large building in the whole town.

'It is not in Weimar,' remarks our Author, 'that the gayety or the loud and loose pleasures of a capital are to be sought; there are too few idle people, and too little wealth, for frivolous dissipation. Without either spies or police, the smallness of the town and the mode of life place every one under the notice of the court, and the court has never allowed its literary elegance to be stained by extravagant parade, or licentiousness of conduct. The nobility, though sufficiently numerous for the population, are persons but of moderate fortunes; many of them would find it difficult to play their part, frugal and regular as the mode of life is, were they not engaged in the service of the government in some capacity or another, as ministers, counsellors, judges, or chamberlains. There is much dis-

soluteness to be feared where it is necessary to climb an outside-stair to the route of a minister, and a lord of the bed-chamber gives, in a third floor, parties which are honoured with the presence even of princes. The man of pleasure would find Weimar dull. The forenoon is devoted to business; even the straggling few who have nothing to do would be ashamed to show themselves idle, till the approach of an early dinner hour justifies a walk in the park, or a ride to Belvedere. At six o'clock every one hies to the theatre, which is just a large family meeting, excepting that the Grand Ducal personages sit in a separate box. The performance closes about nine o'clock, and it is expected that, by ten, every household shall be sound asleep, or, at least, soberly within its own walls for the night. It is perhaps an evil that, in these small capitals, the court, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up every other species of society; but at Weimar this is less to be regretted, because the court parties have less parade and formality than are frequently to be found in those of private noblemen in London or Paris; it is merely the best bred, and best informed society of the place.' Vol. I. pp. 61—63.

The Grand Duke is deservedly popular. He is the most affable man in his dominions; his talents are much above mediocrity; and his solicitude for the administration of impartial justice, his conscientious economy of the public money, his promptitude to relieve the unfortunate, and his voluntary introduction of a representative government, have made him the most respectable prince in Europe,—if respectability is measured by personal merit, not by square miles of territory or millions of revenue. Weimar has been the residence of Herder, Wieland, Schiller, and Göthe, the brightest ornaments of Germany. The Dutchess Amalia, the Grand Duke's mother, was left in early youth a widow. She sought and found consolation in the intercourse of enlightened minds, and the cultivation of the arts. She invited Wieland to educate her son, who, trained by such a tutor, and after the example of such a mother, imbibed the same attachment to genius and to the enjoyment it affords. The following notices of the great men that resided at Weimar, are particularly interesting.

'None of the distinguished leaders of the "German Athens" belonged to the grand Duchy itself. Wieland was a Swabian, and the increasing body of literary light collected round him as a nucleus. The jealousies of rival authors are proverbial, but at Weimar they seem to have been unknown. They often opposed each other, sometimes reviewed each other's books, but admitted no ungenerous hostilities. Wieland rejoiced when Göthe and Herder were invited to be his companions, although both were vehement opponents of the critical principles which he promulgated in the *German Mercury*. Göthe had even written a biting satire against him, "Gods, Heroes,

and Wieland," which, though not intended for publication, had, nevertheless, found its way into the world. Göthe himself has recorded how the young duke sought him out in Frankfort. Schiller was first placed in a chair at Jena; but the state of his health, which, though it could not damp the fire of his genius, converted his latter years into years of suffering, unfitted him for professional occupation, and he was placed in independence at Weimar.

Wieland, the patriarch of the tribe, seems likewise to have been the most enthusiastically beloved. All who remember him speak of him with rapture, and it is easy to conceive that the author of *Oberon* and of *Agathon*, and the translator of Cicero's *Letters*, must have been a delightful combination of acuteness and wit, no ordinary powers of original thinking united to a fancy rich, elegant, and playful. To the very close of his long life, he continued to be the pride of the old and the delight of the young. Much less a man of the world than Göthe, he commanded equal respect and greater attachment. Göthe has been accused of a too jealous sensibility about his literary character, and a constantly sustained *authorial* dignity, which have exposed him to the imputation of being vain and proud. Wieland gave himself no anxiety about his reputation; except when the pen was in his hand, he forgot there were such things in the world as books and authors, and strove only to render himself an agreeable companion. The young people of the court were never happier than when, on a summer evening, they could gather round "Father Wieland" in the shades of Tiefurth, or the garden of his own little country residence. Writers of books sometimes misunderstood the man, and talked of him as a trifler, because he did not always look like a folio; Wieland smiled at their absurdities. Göthe, too, got into a passion with people whose visits he had permitted, and who then put him into their books, not altogether in the eulogistic style which he expects, and, moreover, deserves; but, instead of treating such things with indifference, he made himself more inaccessible, and assumed a statelier dignity.

Poor Schiller, while taking the lead of all his competitors in the race of immortality, could not keep abreast with them in the enjoyments of the world. Tender and kindly as his disposition was, his genius sought its food in the lofty and impassioned. In his lyrical pieces he seldom aimed at lightness, and mere elegance was a merit which he thoroughly despised. Continued sickness of body excluded him, in a great measure, from the world, and the closing years of his too short life were spent in scarcely remitting agony. Yet how his genius burned to the last with increasing warmth and splendour! It would be too much to say that he lived long enough for his fame; for, though he gained immortality, his later productions rise so far above his earlier works, that he assuredly would have approached still nearer to perfection.

Of the sages and poets of Weimar, Göthe alone survives. One after another, he has sung the dirge over Herder, and Wieland, and Schiller; "his tuneful brethren all are fled." But, lonely as he now

is in the world of genius, it could be less justly said of him than of any other man, that he,

‘neglected and oppressed,

Wished to be with them, and at rest;’

—for no living author, at least of Germany, can boast of so long and brilliant a career. At once a man of genius and a man of the world, Göthe has made his way as an accomplished courtier, no less than as a great poet. He has spent in Weimar more than one half of his prolific life, the object of enthusiastic admiration to his countrymen; honoured by sovereigns, to whom his muse has never been deficient in respect; the friend of his prince, who esteems him the first man on earth; and caressed by all the ladies of Germany, to whose reasonable service he has devoted himself from his youth upwards. It is only necessary to know what Göthe still is in his easy and friendly moments, to conceive how justly the universal voice describes him as having been in person, manners, and talent, a captivating man. Though he is now seventy-four years old, his tall imposing form is but little bent; the lofty open brow retains all its dignity, and even the eye has not lost much of its fire. The effects of age are chiefly perceptible in an occasional indistinctness of articulation. Much has been said of the jealousy with which he guards his literary reputation, and the haughty reserve with which this jealousy is alleged to surround his intercourse. Those who felt it so, must either have been persons whose own reputation rendered him cautious in their presence, or whose doubtful intentions laid him under still more unpleasant restraints; for he sometimes shuts his door, and often his mouth, from the dread of being improperly put into books. His conversation is unaffected, gentlemanly, and entertaining: in the neatness and point of his expressions, no less than in his works, the first German classic, in regard of language, is easily recognized. He has said somewhere, that he considered himself to have acquired only one talent, that of writing German. He manifests no love of display, and least of all in his favourite studies. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear people say, that they did not find in Göthe’s conversation any striking proof of the genius which animates his writings; but this is as it should be. There are few more intolerable personages than those who, having once acquired a reputation for cleverness, think themselves bound never to open their mouths without saying something which they take to be smart or uncommon.

‘The approach of age, and certain untoward circumstances which wounded his vanity, have, at length, driven Göthe into retirement. He spends the winter in Weimar, but no man is less seen. Buried among his books and engravings, making himself master of every thing worth reading in German, English, French, and Italian, he has said adieu to worldly pleasures and gayeties, and even to much of the usual intercourse of society. Not long ago, he attended a concert, given at court, in honour of a birth-day. He was late: when he entered the room, the music instantly ceased; all forgot court and princes to gather round Göthe, and the Grand Duke himself advanced to lead up his old friend.’

* Göthe stands pre-eminent above all his countrymen in versatility and universality of genius. There are few departments which he has not attempted, and in many he has gained the first honours. There is no mode of the lyre through which he has not run—song, epigram, ode, elegy, ballad, opera, comedy, tragedy, the lofty epic, and that anomalous production of the German Parnassus, the civil epic, (*Bürgerliche Epos*,) which, forsaking the deeds of heroes and the fates of nations, sings in sounding hexameters the simple lives and loves of citizens and farmers. Yet the muses have been far from monopolizing the talents of this indefatigable man. As they were the first love, so they are still the favourites of his genius; but he has coquetted with numberless rivals; and mineralogy, criticism on the fine arts, biography and topography, sentimental and philosophical novels, optics and comparative anatomy, have all employed his pen. His lucubrations in the sciences have not commanded either notice or admiration; to write well on every thing, it is not enough to take an interest in every thing. It is in the fine arts, in poetry as an artist, in painting and sculpture as a critic, that Göthe justifies the fame which he has been accumulating for fifty years:—for his productions in this department contain an assemblage of dissimilar excellences which none of his countrymen can produce, though individually they might be equalled or surpassed. Faust alone, a poem which only a German can thoroughly feel or understand, is manifestly the production of a genius quite at home in every thing with which poetry deals, and master of all the styles which poetry can adopt. Tasso deserves the name of a drama, only because it is in dialogue, and it becomes intolerably tiresome when declaimed by actors; but it is, from beginning to end, a stream of the richest and purest poetry. It is an old story, that his first celebrated work, Werther, turned the heads of all Germany; young men held themselves bound to fall in love with the wives of their friends, and then blow out their own brains; it is averred, that consummations of this sort actually took place. The public admiration of the young author who could paint with such force, was still warm, when he gave them that most spirited sketch, Götz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, a picture of the feudal manners of their forefathers. The reading and writing world immediately threw themselves into this new channel, and German presses and German stages groaned beneath the knights, the abbots, the battles, and the banquets of the fifteenth century. Like every man of original genius, he had novelty in his favour; and, like every successful adventurer in what is new, he was followed by a host of worthless imitators and insipid mannerists.

The regular novels of Göthe are of a very questionable sort. The vivacity of his imagination and fineness of feeling supply good individual pictures and acute remarks; but they cannot be praised either for incident or character. They are often stained, too, with the degradation to which he unfortunately reduces love, where liking and vice follow fast upon each other. "The Apprenticeship of William Meister," for instance, is a very readable book, in so far as it contains a great deal of acute and eloquent criticism; but who would purchase

the criticism even of Göthe, at the expense of the licentiousness of incident, and pruriency of description, with which the book teems? He now devotes himself chiefly to philosophical and critical disquisitions on the fine arts.

‘It is scarcely possible for a man who has written so much, not to have written much that is mediocre. Göthe, having long since reached that point of reputation at which the name of an author is identified, in the eyes of his countrymen, with the excellence of his work, has been frequently overrated, and men are not wanting who augur that the best of his fame is past. But he can well afford to make many allowances for the excesses into which popular enthusiasm, like popular dislike, is so easily misled; for there will always remain an abundance of original, and varied, and powerful genius, to unite his name for ever with the literature of his country. He himself said truly of Schiller, that where the present age had been deficient, posterity would be profuse, and the prophecy is already receiving its fulfilment. To Göthe the present has been lavish, and the future will not be unjust. From his youth he has been the favourite of fortune and fame; he has reached the brink of the grave, hailed by the voice of his country as the foremost of her great, the patriarch of her literature, and the model of her genius. In his old age, wrapped up in the seclusion of Weimar, so becoming his years and so congenial to his habits, he hears no sounds but those of eulogy and affection. Like an eastern potentate, or a jealous deity, he looks abroad from his retirement on the intellectual world which he has formed by his precept or his example; he pronounces the oracular doom, or sends forth a revelation, and men wait on him to venerate and obey. Princes are proud to be his companions; less elevated men approach him with awe, as a higher spirit: and when Göthe shall follow the kindred minds whom he has seen pass away before him, Weimar will have lost the last pillar of her fame, and in the literature of Germany there will be a vacant throne.’

The Grand Duchess has had a large share in forming the manners of her court and subjects. She is now venerable by years, and still more so by the excellence of her heart and the strength of her character. After the battle of Jena, when her husband and son were absent with the defeated army, and the French troops were let loose on the territory and capital, she calmly awaited in Weimar the approach of the enemy; she collected round her in the palace, the greater part of the women and children who had not yet fled, and shared with them the coarse and scanty food which she was able to distribute among them.

‘The Emperor, on his arrival, took up his abode in the palace, and the Grand Duchess immediately requested an interview with him. His first words to her were, “Madam, I make you a present of this palace;” and forthwith he broke out into the same strain of invective against Prussia and her allies, and sneers at the folly of endeavouring

to resist himself, which he soon afterwards launched against the unfortunate Louisa at Tilsit. He said more than once with great vehemence, "*On dit que je veux etre Empereur de l'ouest ; et,*" stamping with his foot, "*je le serai, Madame.*" He was confounded at the firm and dignified tone in which the Grand Duchess met him. She neither palliated her husband's political conduct, nor supplicated for mercy in his political misfortunes. Political integrity, as a faithful ally of Prussia, had, she told him, dictated the one, and, if he entertained any regard for political principle and fidelity to alliances in a monarch, he could not take advantage of the other. The interview was a long one; the imperial officers in waiting could not imagine how a man, who reckoned time thrown away even on the young and beautiful of the sex, could spend so much with a princess whose qualifications were more of a moral and intellectual nature. But from that moment, Napoleon treated the family of Weimar with a degree of respect and consideration, which the most powerful of his satellites never experienced. He even affected to do homage to the literary reputation of the town, and showered honours on the poets of Weimar, while he was suppressing universities. The last time he was in Weimar, was before he led up his troops to the battle of Lützen. When he learned that part of the contingent of Weimar, as a member of the Confederation of the Rhine, had joined the Allies, he only said smiling, "*C'est la petite Yorckiaide.*" He requested the honour of a glass of Malaga from the hand of the Grand Duchess herself, observing that he was getting old; and, accompanied by the Grand Duke, and his second son, Prince Bernard, rode off to attack the enemy at Lützen.

From this moment, till the thunder-clouds which collected at Leipzig had rolled themselves beyond the Rhine, this tranquil abode of the muses witnessed nothing but the horrors of war in all their merciless perfection. That three such armies as those of France, Russia, and Austria, were let loose on the exhausted land, includes in itself the idea of every possible misery and crime; but it was lamentable, that as much should be suffered from the declared liberators, as from the real oppressor of Germany. The Russians fairly deserved the name which the wits of the north bestowed upon them, of being Germany's *Rettungsbestien*, or, Brutes of Salvation; but the Austrians far outstripped them in atrocity, and fired the villages, amid shouts of "Burn the hearts out of the Saxon dogs." There is something exquisitely absurd in an Austrian imagining, that any people of Germany can possibly sink so low as to be inferior to his own. That dreadful period has, in some measure, altered the character of these artless, kindly people; you can scarcely enter a cottage, that does not ring with dreadful tales out of these days of horror. Old village stories of witches on the Hartz, and legends of Number Nip from the mountains of Silesia, have given place to village records of individual misfortune, produced by worse spirits than ever assembled on the Brocken, or obeyed Rübezahl, in the clefts of the Schneekoppe.

It was precisely by its sympathy, its active humanity, and self-

denial amid these horrors, that the reigning family fixed itself so deeply in the affections of the people. Every source of courtly expense was limited, or cut off, to meet the miseries of the ruined peasantry, and rebuild the villages which had been laid in ashes. In the short space of a month, the murders of the soldiery, and epidemic disease, produced by living in filth and starvation among the ruins of the villages, threw five hundred orphans on the country. Nine were found out of one family, without a rag to defend them against the chilling damps of an autumn night, cowering round the embers of their burned cottage, watching by the corpses of their father and mother. The ducal family, assisted by a share of the money which was raised in this country for the suffering Germans, adopted these orphans. They have all been educated in Weimar, instructed in a profession, and put in the way of exercising it. In the summer of 1821, they finished a small chapel dedicated to the Providence that had led their childhood safe through so much misfortune, of which not only the walls, but all the furniture and ornaments, are the work of their own hands, each in the profession to which he was educated.'

Vol. I. pp. 96—100.

The account of the university of Jena, which is a good sample of German universities in general, is a lively and picturesque sketch of that seat of the Muses. Its vicinity to Weimar is, to a stranger, no small recommendation of Weimar, as a temporary residence. The students call themselves *Burschen*; for, though the word *Bursche* only means a young fellow, they have agreed to consider themselves, as being, *par excellence*, the young fellows of Germany. The establishment of lecturers consists of no fewer than twenty-eight at Jena, besides various extraordinary teachers. The whole annual expense of a student is under 75*l*. They live about the town, having no connexion with their tutors, but at the hour of lectures. The total want of discipline has completely turned the heads of these wild associates. Under the name of *Burschen*, they are united in a sort of secret society, for the purpose of what, in their slang, is called *renowning* and *scandalizing*. Thus they become the terror of the citizens, and are engaged in frequent and sanguinary duels with each other.

'There is no other superintendence of their studies, than that of the Professor in his pulpit, telling them what he himself knows; there are no arrangements to secure, in any degree, either attendance or application. The received maxim is, that it is right to tell them what they ought to do, but it would be neither proper nor useful to take care that they do it, or prevent them from being as idle and ignorant as they choose.

'Once outside of the class-room, the *Burschen* show themselves a much less orderly race; if they submit to be ruled one hour daily by a professor, they rule him, and every other person, during all the rest

of the four and twenty. The duels of the day are generally fought out early in the morning; the spare hours of the forenoon and afternoon are spent in fencing, in *renowning*—that is, in doing things which make people stare at them, and in providing duels for the morrow. In the evening, the various clans assemble in their *commerzhouses*, to besot themselves with beer and tobacco; and it is long after midnight before the last strains of the last songs die away upon the streets. Wine is not the staple beverage, for Jena is not a wine country, and the students have learned to place a sort of pride in drinking beer. Yet, with a very natural contradiction, over their pots of beer they vociferate songs in praise of the grape, and swing their jugs with as much glee as a *Bursche* of Heidelberg brandishes his *römer* of Rhenish.*

* A band of these young men, thus assembled in an ale-house in the evening, presents as strange a contrast as can well be imagined to all correct ideas, not only of studious academical tranquillity, but even of respectable conduct, yet, in refraining from the nightly observances, they would think themselves guilty of a less pardonable dereliction of their academic character, and a more direct treason against the independence of Germany, than if they subscribed to the *Austrian Observer*, or never attended for a single hour the lectures for which they paid. Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door, you must use your ears, not your eyes, for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space, concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how, and sending forth from its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud; then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighbourhood; and, as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly *Asmodeus*, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between the two long tables which have sprung up, as if by enchantment; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you the paradise of German *Burschen*, destitute only of its *Houris*; every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or *segar* in his mouth, and a song upon his lips, never doubting but that he and his companions are training themselves to be the regenerators of Europe, that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth. They lay their hands upon their jugs, and vow the liberation of Germany; they stop a second pipe, or light a second *segar*, and swear that the Holy Alliance is an unclean thing.*

Vol. I. pp. 156—160.

But their nightly debauches are not the most mischievous of their peculiarities. The spirit of clanship which knits them

together, keeps up a constant state of violence and insubordination. The Grand Duke of Weimar would find it impossible to eradicate the *landsmannschaften* (literally signifying a *countrymanship*) from among the four hundred students of Jena, and induce them to conduct themselves like orderly, well-bred young men.

* They do not arise from the constitution of the university, nor are they acknowledged by it; on the contrary, they are proscribed both by the laws of the university and the government of the country. They do not exist for any academical purpose, for the young men have no voice in any thing connected with the university; to be a member of one is an academical misdemeanour, yet there are few students who do not belong to one or another. They are associations of students belonging to the same province, for the purpose of enabling each, thus backed by all, to carry through his own rude will, let it be what it may, and, of late years, it is averred, to propagate wild political reveries, if not to foment political cabals. They are regularly organized; each has its president, clerk, and councillors, who form what is called the Convent of the *Landsmannschaft*. This body manages its funds, and has the direction of its affairs, if it have affairs. It likewise enjoys the honour of fighting all duels *pro patria*, for so they are named when the interest or honour, not of an individual, but of the whole fraternity, has been attacked. The assembled presidents of the different *Landsmannschaften* in a university constitute the *senior convent*. This supreme tribunal does not interfere in the private affairs of the particular bodies, but decides in all matters that concern the whole mass of *Burschen*, and watches over the strict observance of the general academic code which they have enacted for themselves. The meetings of both tribunals are held frequently and regularly, but with so much secrecy, that the most vigilant police has been unable to reach them. They have cost many a professor many a sleepless night. The governments scold the senates, as if they trifled with, or even connived at the evil; the senates lose all patience with the governments, for thinking it so easy a matter to discover what *Burschen* are resolved to keep concealed. The exertions of both have only sufficed to drive the *Landsmannschaften* into deeper concealment. From the incessant quarrels and uproars, and the instantaneous union of all to oppose any measure of general discipline about to be enforced, the whole senate often sees plainly, that these bodies are in active operation, without being able either to ascertain who are their members, or to pounce upon their secret conclaves.

* Since open war was thus declared against them by the government, secrecy has become indispensable to their existence, and the *Bursche* scruples at nothing by which this secrecy may be insured. The most melancholy consequence of this is, that, as every man is bound by the code to esteem the preservation of the *Landsmannschaft* his first duty, every principle of honour is often trampled under foot to maintain it. In some universities it was provided by the code

that a student, when called before the senate to be examined about a suspected Landsmannschaft, ceased to be a member, and thus he could safely say that he belonged to no such institution. In others, it was provided, that such an inquiry should operate as an *ipso facto* dissolution of the body itself, till the investigation should be over; and thus every member could safely swear that no such association was in existence. There are cases where the student, at his admission into the fraternity, gives his word of honour to do every thing in his power to spread a belief that no such association exists, and, if he shall be questioned either by the senate or the police, stedfastly to deny it. Here and there the professors fell on the expedient of gradually extirpating them, by taking from every new student, at his matriculation, a solemn promise that he would not join any of these bodies; but where such principles are abroad, promises are useless, for deceit is reckoned a duty. The more moderate convents left it to the conscience of the party himself to decide, whether he was bound in honour by such a promise; but the code of Leipzig, as it has been printed, boldly declares every promise of this kind void, and those who have exacted it punishable. Moreover, it invests the senior convent, in general terms, with the power of giving any man a dispensation from his word of honour, if it shall see cause, but confines this privilege, in money matters, to cases where he has been enormously cheated. Thus the code of university Landsmannschaften, while it prates of nothing but the point of honour, and directs to that centre all its fantastic regulations, sets out with a violation of every thing honourable. Such are the tenets of men who chatter unceasingly about liberty and patriotism, and have perpetually in their mouths such phrases as, "the Burschen lead a free, honourable, and independent life in the cultivation of every social and patriotic virtue." Thus do moral iniquities become virtues in their eyes, if they forward the ends, or are necessary to the continued existence of a worthless and mischievous association; and who can tell how far this process of measuring honour by imagined expediency may corrupt the whole moral sense? Is it wonderful that Sand, taught to consider deceit, prevarication, or breach of promise as virtues, when useful to a particular cause, should have regarded assassination in the same light, when the shedding of blood was to consecrate doctrines which he looked upon as holy?" Vol. I. pp. 165—170.

The students who refuse to join these associations, are few in number, and are a despised and insulted race. No *Bursche* holds communication with them; they are excluded from every carousal, every ball and festival.

* The individual *Bursche*, in his academical character, is animated by the same paltry, arrogant, quarrelsome, domineering disposition. When fairly imbued with the spirit of his sect, no rank can command respect from him, for he knows no superior to himself and his comrades. A few years ago, the Empress of Russia, when she was at Weimar, visited the University Museum of Jena. Among the stu-

dents who had assembled to see her, one was observed to keep his bonnet on his head, and his pipe in his mouth, as her Imperial Majesty passed. The Prorector called the young man before him, and remonstrated with him on his rudeness. The defence was in the genuine spirit of Burschenism: "I am a free man; what is an Empress to me?" Full of lofty unintelligible notions of his own importance and high vocation, misled by ludicrously erroneous ideas of honour, and hurried on by the example of all around him, the true Bursche swaggers and renowns, choleric, raw, and overbearing. He measures his own honour, because his companions measure it, by the number of *scandals* he has fought, but neither he nor they ever waste a thought on what they have been fought for. To have fought unsuccessfully is bad; but, if he wishes to become a respected and influential personage, not to have fought at all is infinitely worse. He, therefore, does not fight to resent insolence, but he insults, or takes offence, that he may have a pretext for fighting. The lecture-rooms are but secondary to the fencing-school: that is his temple, the rapier is his god, and the Comment is the gospel by which he swears.

Vol. I. pp. 175—177.

All this proves something radically wrong in the frame and system of these institutions. They must have a tendency, the reverse of what Horace attributes to literature, the softening and subduing of rough and vehement natures. We do not join in the affected dread expressed by the Holy Alliance, lest these seminaries should become schools of sedition to overthrow established creeds and governments; but there is an immeasurable distance between the severity which would make them places of education for slaves, and the wholesome discipline which would turn them out gentlemen and scholars, without deadening or depressing their minds. The irregularities and insubordination of these colleges, is the opprobrium of Germany;—the more so, since a course of vigorous measures rightly pursued and judiciously adopted, and a few examples made of the most refractory, would soon bring back these Teutonic rebels to their senses.

We can afford but little room for the interesting subjects of the second volume,—Brunswick, Berlin, Cracow, Vienna. Cracow would seem to be one of the most disgusting places on the continent.

* The ancient and magnificent capital of the Polish monarchs now consists of palaces without inhabitants, and inhabitants without bread; and only the improbable event of the restoration of Poland will relieve it from the desolation that reigns in its streets, and the misery that pines within its houses. The liberators of Europe, too jealous of each other to allow any one of themselves to retain a city which, as a frontier position, would have been of so much value, performed the farce of erecting it into a free town. Cracow, deprived of every

outlet to industry, and every source of revenue, was left to bear the expenses of a government and an university. Dowried by her high protectors with a few miles of territory, and some hundreds of beggared peasants, she was married to penury and annihilation. The sensible among her citizens are by no means proud of their useless independence; and even the senators break jokes with melancholy bitterness on their mendicant republic. There are neither arts nor manufactures; the surrounding country is abundantly fruitful, but the peasantry who cultivate it have no spirit of enterprise, and no stimulus to exertion. No spot in Europe can present a more squalid rural population than that which basks in the sun in the public places of Cracow on a market day. Twelve thousand of the inhabitants are Jews; they are sunk still lower than the peasantry in uncleanness and misery, and appear to be still less sensible to it. The part of the city which they inhabit is scarcely approachable; two or three families, men, women, and children, pigs, dogs, and poultry, wallow together in the mire of some sickening and low-roofed hovel. The Poles complain of them as one great cause of the rapid decay of the city; they say that the Jews have gotten into their hands all the trade that remains to it; for purchasing cheaply by the practice of rascally arts, and living in a manner which scarcely requires expenditure, they under-sell their Christian competitors. The palace of the kings of Poland is itself a picture of the vicissitudes of the state. Once inhabited by the Casimirs, the Sigismunds, and the Sobieskis, it is now the abode of tattered paupers, and even these are principally dependent on casual revenues for the pittance which merely supports life.

pp. 189—190.

Vienna has long enjoyed the character of being the most licentious capital in Europe. Bacchus and Venus had never more ardent votaries among their ancient worshippers. Lines too blasphemously profane for us to transcribe into our pages, translated from a popular German poet and novelist, in which the morals of a bacchanal are grafted on the sentimentalism of modern deism,—are stated to be ‘the text on which every one of the three hundred thousand inhabitants who crowd Vienna and its interminable suburbs, seems to reckon it a duty to make his life a comment.’ In other words, they have adopted for *their* Scripture rule the Epicurean maxim, Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

‘They are more devoted friends of joviality, pleasure, and good living, and more bitter enemies of every thing like care or thinking, a more eating, drinking, good-natured, ill-educated, hospitable, and laughing people, than any other of Germany, or, perhaps, of Europe. Their climate and soil, the corn and wine with which Heaven has blessed them, exempt them from any very anxious degree of thought about their own wants; and the government, with its spies and policy, takes most effectual care that their gayety shall not be disturbed by thinking of the public necessities, or studying for the public weal.’

This close connexion of moral and political degradation is perfectly natural. It may indeed be questioned, whether political liberty could long exist where such a state of morals prevails.

'There cannot,' says Mr. Russell, 'be a more dissolute city,—one where female virtue is less prized, and therefore less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we should call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty.' . . . 'This, with the general want of manly and independent feeling, of which it is merely a modification, is the worst point in the character of the Viennese.'

Now for their political character, beginning with their public men.

'Gentz, bought into the service of the cabinet, draws up the declarations of the Holy Alliance, as manfully as he once addressed liberal exhortations to the King of Prussia. Frederick Schlegel, too, seems to have laid his genius to rest, since he sat himself down in the German *Bazotia*, to fatten on the sweets of an Austrian pension. He has the reputation of being occasionally employed to pen political articles for the Austrian Observer. I have heard, indeed, his nearest relations deny it; and it certainly would be difficult to find, in that newspaper, any article that required Frederick Schlegel's cleverness; but, nevertheless, it is the public voice of Vienna, and it is natural that he should continue to take an interest in a journal which he himself first established.

'While such things are going on, it would be vain to expect any decay of superstition among those who pretend to have any religion at all. Prince Metternich is much too sensible a man, and much too jealous of his own omnipotence, to allow the priesthood to control his imperial master or himself, but he delivers up the subjects to their mercy. The superstition of the people is even fostered by the government encouraging pompous pilgrimages, for the purpose of obtaining the blessing of heaven by walking fifty miles in hot weather. The favoured spot is Mariazell, in Styria, and the pageant is commonly played off in July or August. The imperial authority is interposed by a proclamation affixed to the great gate of St. Stephen's, authorizing all pious subjects to perform this mischievous act of holy vagabondizing, that they may implore from the Virgin such personal and domestic boons as they feel themselves most inclined to, and, at all events, that they may supplicate continued prosperity to the house of Hapsburgh. On the appointed day, the intended pilgrims assemble in St. Stephens, at four o'clock in the morning; most of them have been anxiously accumulating many a day's savings, to collect a few florins for the journey, for they generally do not return before the fourth day. Mass is performed, and the long, motley line, consisting of both sexes, and all ages, separated into divisions by religious stan-

dards and gaudy crucifixes, alternately cheered and sanctified by the trumpets and kettle-drums which head each division, and the hymns chaunted by the pilgrims who compose it, wends its long, toilsome, and hilly way, into the mountains of Styria. The procession which I saw leave Vienna, consisted of nearly three thousand persons, and they were all of the lower classes. The upper ranks do not choose to go to heaven in vulgar company; and, if they visit Mariazell at all, they make it a pleasure jaunt, (for the place of pilgrimage lies in a most romantic country,) like an excursion to the lakes of Scotland or Cumberland, and pray to the Virgin *en passant*. Females predominated; there were many children, and some of them so young, that it seemed preposterous to produce them in such a fatiguing exhibition. The young women were numerous, and naturally were the most interesting objects. Many of them were pretty, but they were almost all barefooted, both from economy, and for the sake of ease in travelling. Observant of the pilgrim's costume, they carried long staffs, headed with nosegays, and wore coarse straw bonnets, with enormous brims, intended to protect their beauties against the scorching sun,—unaware, perhaps, of the more fatally destructive enemy, who, ere this perilous journey is terminated, cuts down, in too many instances, the foundation of that pleasing modesty with which they pace forth to the performance of what they reckon a holy duty. Joseph II. saw and knew all the mischief of the ceremony, and abolished the pilgrimage; Francis I. restored and fosters it.

But, though the Austrians have no great capacity for thinking, and a very great capacity for immorality and superstition, much of both must be ascribed to that total prostration of intellect which their government inflicts upon them; a prostration which can never exist long, in the degree in which it exists in Vienna, without producing some degradation of the moral principle. The whole political system is directed, with prying and persecuting jealousy, to keep people in ignorance of all that goes on in the world, except what it suits the cabinet to make known, and to prevent people from thinking on what is known, differently from the way in which the cabinet thinks. All the modes of education are arranged on the same depressing principle of keeping mind in such a state, that it shall neither feel the temptation, nor possess the ability, to resist power. During the Congress of Laybach, the Emperor said to the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men; I need no learned men; I want men who will do what I bid them," or something to the same purpose,—the most unfortunate words for the honour of his throne, that could be put in the mouth of a monarch. The principle is fully acted on in Vienna; over all knowledge, and all thinking, on every thing public, and on every thing relating to the political events and institutions not only of the empire, but of all other countries, there broods a "darkness which may be felt;" no where will you find a more lamentable ignorance, or a more melancholy horror of being suspected of a desire to be wise above what is written down by the editor of the *Austrian Observer*. Nothing is known but to official men; and the first official duty is to confine all knowledge within the official circle.

Talk to a Viennese about the finances, for example. What is the amount of the public revenue? I don't know. What is done with it? I don't know. How much does your army cost? I don't know. How much does the civil administration cost? I don't know. What is the amount of your public debt? I don't know. In short, do you know any thing at all about the matter, except how much you pay yourself, and that you pay whatever you are ordered? Nothing on earth.

• The Austrian police,—*monstrum horrendum, ingens*;—it cannot be added, *cui lumen ademptum*, for it has the eyes of an Argus, though no Mercury has yet been found to charm them to sleep, while he rescued manly thought and intellectual exertion from the brute form into which political jealousy has metamorphosed them. The French police under Napoleon was reckoned perfect; in efficiency, it could not possibly surpass that of Vienna, which successfully represses every expression of thought, by forcing on all the deadening conviction, that the eyes and ears of spies are every where. The consequences of a denunciation are, secret arrest, secret imprisonment, and an unknown punishment. It can be tolerated, in some measure, that spies should be placed in coffee-houses, in the apartments of Restaurateurs, or in places of public amusement; for, on such occasions, every sensible person, to whatever country he may belong, will be on his guard; but it is sickening when, even in private society, he must open his lips under the conviction that there may be a spy sitting at the same table with him. This is the case in Vienna to a very great extent. The efficacy of such a system depends on those who are its instruments being unknown; but, if the Viennese themselves may be believed, not only men, but women too, and men and women of rank, are in the pay of the secret police. Among those whom you know to be your personal friends, if you indulge in a freedom of opinion on which you would not venture in more mixed society, they will draw back with a sort of apprehension, and kindly warn you of the danger to which you are exposing both them and yourself. This is true, not merely of what might be considered modes of thinking hostile to the whole frame of government, but it is equally so of individual acts of administration,—if you question, for instance, the propriety of punishing a public peculator, like T—, by dismissing him with a pension, or the purity of the motives which procured Count A— his provincial government. The government is not even very fond that its measures should be praised; it is much better pleased that nothing be said about them at all.

• This is the general spirit of the thing. Every Englishman who has been much conversant with Vienna, and occasionally forgotten where he was, must have felt it so. Of the practical efficiency of the system of espionage, take a single example. A certain Russian nobleman was resident at Vienna in 1821. His political opinions were known to be somewhat more liberal than was agreeable to the courts of Vienna and Petersburg; above all, he was favourable to the Greeks. The burden of the Austrian minister's political harangues delivered twice a week at his levees was, "You see it is the same thing with all

of them, whether in Spain, or Italy, or Greece; it is just rebel A, rebel B, rebel C, and so on." This nobleman, himself a pretty regular attender of these levees, thought otherwise, and had amused himself with drawing up a discourse to prove that the Greeks could not be considered, and ought not to be treated, as rebels. He had communicated it to some of his *intimate acquaintances*. A few days afterwards the manuscript was not to be found in his desk. He immediately understood the matter, and foresaw the consequences. The next courier but one from St. Petersburg brought a very friendly expressed notice from the Autocrat, that, until some determined resolution was adopted regarding Greece, it would be agreeable to his Imperial Majesty that Prince —— should choose his residence elsewhere than in Vienna. The recommendation, of course, was attended to, and the prince retired to a six months' tiresome sojourn in a provincial town.

'Foreigners are still more pryingly watched than natives, and Englishmen more than any other foreigners, except Italians. An English gentleman's papers were seized one morning in a domiciliary visit by agents of the police, carried off, examined, and returned. "Mind what you are about," said a foreign minister, who was stating this circumstance next day to another British sojourner, "Mind what you are about; I know you keep something like a journal; take care what you put in it, and that nobody shall know what you do put in it."' Vol. II. pp. 293—301.

The master demon who presides over this state of things, the man who forms the key-stone of the holy Alliance, is thus portrayed.

'At the head of the ministry stands despotic the Chancellor of State, Prince Metternich, the most powerful individual in Europe who does not wear a crown. A private nobleman from the banks of the Rhine, whose most celebrated vineyard has been bestowed on him by the grateful monarchs for whom he laboured, he has raised himself to be absolute master of the empire, firmly rooted in the confidence of his master, unwilling to bear a rival near the throne, but neither liked nor admired by the people. When I first saw him in the ball-room at Baden, he was sitting by the court, but yet alone. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, for it was the mourning for the late Queen of England. His eyes were fixed on the floor, as if in deep thought, except when they glanced up to follow the fair Countess A——, who was flying round the hall in the waltz. His appearance has nothing striking or commanding. He is of middling stature, rather meagre than otherwise, but altogether a handsome man. His countenance is pale; his large, broad brow is marked with what seem to be the wrinkles of cunning, rather than the furrows of thought; his smile appears to be so habitual, that it has scarcely any character, except when it is satirical. His manners are polite and conciliating, for he is through and through a man of the world. He possesses in a high degree the power of concealing his own

sentiments, and a coolness which keeps him clear of all embarrassment.

‘It is in vain to deny that Prince Metternich possesses talent, because we dislike his politics. What he has made himself is an irrefragable proof that he must be a clever man. It would be equally unjust to judge of him from the extravagant eulogiums of those who flutter round him at his levees, and worship no other idol than their political maker. In the country which he governs, among men who have heads to judge, and no temptation to judge partially, you will never hear ascribed to him any comprehensive political view, or any commanding quality of intellect; their praise seldom rises above “*Il est très adroit* :”—shrewdness in detecting means, and patience and tact in using them, are his excellences. They usually quote the success with which he blinded Napoleon, and his ministers and marshals, at Dresden, regarding the designs of Austria, as the *chef d’œuvre* of his political skill, and add, “In what does political skill of this sort consist, but in the art of telling lies with a good grace?” His activity in the multifarious matters which are laid upon his shoulders is inexhaustible; though very far from being insensible to pleasure, he never allows it to interfere with business.

‘However hostile we may be to the general spirit of Prince Metternich’s administration, the steadiness with which he pursues his object is a most valuable political quality. If he be the most implacable enemy among European ministers to liberal alterations in the European governments, this arises partly from ambition, and partly from what may almost be called a sense of duty. Enjoying such extensive power, a representative body is the last rival his ambition could endure, because it would be the most dangerous. His imperial master considers all such innovations as rebellious encroachments on his divine prerogative, and conscientiously believes them to be pregnant with misery to the world; and the minister of such a prince holds himself bound to rule on these principles. His object is to keep the empire safe from this supposed infection; he attacks it, therefore, wherever it appears, and is within his reach. He garrisons Naples with Austrian troops, and sends the Carbonari of Lombardy and Romagna to Laybach or the Spielberg. Where they are beyond the reach of his artillery and judges, as in Spain and Portugal, then, besides the more serious engines of political intrigue, he takes care that, in Vienna at least, they shall be hated or despised.

‘Besides ambition, the Premier is said to have two other strong passions, money and beauty; the former, however, much less certain than the latter. If the universal voice of Vienna speak truth, it may justly be inscribed on his tomb, “*Lightly from fair to fair he flew.*”’

Vol. II. pp. 314—318.

After citing an instance in which a husband was paid by being appointed to the government of a populous, beautiful, and fertile region of Upper Austria, for the infamy of his wife, to which he had lent himself, Mr. Russell adds:—

'When blockheads can thus climb to offices of power and trust by such means, what honest man can hope to win them by the fair exercise of his talents and integrity? If even clever men gain them by such means, what must the state of society be which renders such means necessary or practicable, and, in public opinion, scarcely dishonourable? It is thus that despotism produces at once moral and intellectual degradation. Power and influence, or the favour of those who possess power and influence, are made the leading objects in the eyes of all the citizens. The means by which they are to be acquired, base and immoral as they may be, become mere laudable and prudential sacrifices. Respectability is made to consist in standing well with those who have power, or with those who stand well with those who have power. The Austrian aristocracy, though far from being the least respectable of Germany in point of wealth, is the least respectable in education, conduct, and manliness of spirit. I once heard some Hungarian officers express great doubts of the credibility of an English officer, when he told them, that it was quite possible and customary to hold a commission in the British army or navy, and yet vote against ministers in Parliament. They could not conceive how such a state of things could exist in any well regulated government. A body of nobility, elevated above the great mass of the people by rank and wealth, and having no other public duties to discharge than implicitly to obey the commands, and fawningly court the smiles of a monarch, *must* be ignorant and unprincipled; for knowledge would be incompatible with the unthinking submission to which they are bound by habit, as well as by authority; and moral rectitude cannot exist with their systematic idleness, which seeks only pleasures. The aristocracy of Britain is not only unique in the world, but is almost a political and moral phenomenon. It is not to be ascribed, however, to any peculiar temperament of feeling, or any peculiarly well balanced constitution of mind. It is principally the result of the form of our government, which, necessarily recognizing a higher class, (which must exist in all states, however it may be disguised in name,) and investing its members with high privileges, loads them, at the same time, with high public duties, which these privileges only enable them the more effectually to perform; gives them, in the respect and honest favour of the people, a much surer pillar of prosperity than the smiles of a monarch to a worthless flatterer, and leaves the public eye to watch strictly how their important vocation is fulfilled. Shut the doors of the House of Lords; exclude its members from lieutenancies of counties, grand juries, and commissions of the peace; leave them, in short, no other space to fill in the public eye but what may be occupied by the recklessness of their expenditure, or the magnificence of their equipages, by their rank in the army and navy, or by provincial employments which they seek merely from views of gain; and the high-minded and well-informed peerage of Britain will speedily become as ignorant, as dissolute, and as useless, as the servile and corrupted aristocracy of Vienna.'

Vol. II. pp. 320—323.

We have no room for the reflections which will suggest

themselves to every intelligent reader. Two more entertaining and sensible volumes than these, have seldom come before us, and they will, we doubt not, soon be, if they are not already, in the possession of our readers.

Art. IV. *The Life of Friedrich Schiller.* Comprehending an Examination of his Works. 8vo. pp. 352. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1825.

SCHILLER seems to be nearly the only one among the writers of Germany that has secured the admiration of foreigners in an equal degree with the estimation of his own countrymen. Wieland, Goethe, Klopstock, though highly rated by Teutonic readers, have obtained only an imperfect celebrity among those of other nations, while the Author of the Robbers, Don Carlos, Fiesco, and Wallenstein, stands high on the list of those whom men of all varieties and languages conspire to praise. By the transcendentalists among German critics, he is, indeed, placed below the Author of Faust, on the scale of high and original genius; but we must confess ourselves quite unable to guess the nature of the reasoning which has led them to this conclusion. In the power of delineating character, in the construction of plot, in the combination of circumstances, and the consequent production of interesting and impressive situations, Schiller, as we think, maintains a decided superiority over Goethe; and if there be any real advantage on the side of the latter, it must lie in some of those minor details of which we can scarcely deem ourselves competent judges. Klopstock, the 'very German Milton,' it were altogether idle to put in comparison with Schiller: they move in different spheres, and their poetical agencies have nothing in common.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller, a native of Würtemberg, was born November 10, 1759, of respectable parents. His father, after serving first as a surgeon in the Bavarian army, and afterwards in a capacity more decidedly military, among the troops of his own sovereign, obtained the office of ornamental gardener to his Serene Highness; and the early years of young Schiller were spent among the groves and parterres of Ludwigsburg and Solitude. After receiving the rudiments of knowledge in a village school, he was removed to a public seminary, where his studies were regulated with a direct view to the ecclesiastical profession. He does not, however, seem to have applied himself with extraordinary diligence to the business of acquisition. When no more than nine years old,

he had visited the Ludwigsburg theatre, and his infant imagination had been kindled by the splendour of scenic representation, nor does the impression appear to have been effaced by any of the subsequent vicissitudes of his life.

‘The first display of his poetic gifts occurred also in his ninth year, but took its rise in a much humbler and less common source than the inspiration of the stage. His biographers have recorded this small event with a conscientious accuracy, second only to that of Boswell and Hawkins in regard to the Litchfield *duck*. “The little tale,” says one of them, “is worth relating; the rather that, after an interval of more than twenty years, Schiller himself, on meeting with his early comrade (the late Dr. Elwert, of Kantstadt) for the first time since their boyhood, reminded him of the adventure, recounting the circumstances with great minuteness and glee. It was as follows: Once in 1768, Elwert and he had to repeat their catechism together on a certain day publicly in the church. Their teacher, an ill-conditioned, narrow-minded pietist, had previously threatened them with a thorough flogging if they missed even a single word. To make the matter worse, this very teacher chanced to be the person whose turn it was to catechise on the appointed day. Both the boys began their answers with dismayed hearts and faltering tongues; yet they succeeded in accomplishing the task; and were in consequence rewarded by the mollified pedagogue with two kreutzers apiece. Four kreutzers of ready cash was a sum of no common magnitude; how it should be disposed of formed a serious question for the parties interested. Schiller moved that they should go to Harteneck, a hamlet in the neighbourhood, and have a dish of curds and cream: his partner assented; but alas! in Harteneck no particle of curds or cream was to be had. Schiller then made offer for a quarter-cake of cheese: but for this, four entire kreutzers were demanded, leaving nothing whatever in reserve for bread! Twice baffled, the little gastronomes, unsatisfied in stomach, wandered on to Neckarweihingen; where at length, though not till after much inquiry, they did obtain a comfortable mess of curds and cream, served up in a gay platter, and silver spoons to eat it with. For all this, moreover, they were charged but three kreutzers; so that there was still one left to provide them with a bunch of St. John’s grapes. Exhilarated by such liberal cheer, Schiller rose into a glow of inspiration: having left the village, he mounted with his comrade to the adjacent height, which overlooks both Harteneck and Neckarweihingen; and there in a truly poetic effusion he pronounced his malediction on the creamless region, bestowing with the same solemnity his blessing on the one which had afforded him that savoury refreshment.’ pp. 10—12.

Notwithstanding his general negligence and his propensity to indulge in reverie, Schiller’s education was, on the whole, going on successfully, when a circumstance occurred which changed his destination, and visited with disastrous influence the earlier portions of his life. It had pleased the despot in whose

service the elder Schiller was engaged, to establish a 'free seminary' for certain branches of professional instruction, and to give the sons of his military officers a preferable claim to the privileges of the foundation. A proposal of enrolment in this college was made by the Duke of Würtemburgh, and from such a man, a gracious intimation of this kind had all the force of a command.

'It was out of fear, and with reluctance, that this proposal was accepted. Schiller enrolled himself in 1773; and turned, with a heavy heart, from freedom and cherished hopes, to Greek, and seclusion, and Law.

'His anticipations proved to be but too just: the six years which he spent in this establishment were the most harassing and comfortless of his life. The Stuttgard system of education seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting nature, but of rooting it out, and supplying its place with something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling; every thing went on by statute and ordinance; there was no scope for the exercise of free-will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased; the "regulations of the school" took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould, which, like the old Giant's bed, stood there, appointed by superior authority, to be filled alike by the great and the little. The same strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote any thing beside. Their domestic economy was regulated in the same spirit as their preceptorial: it consisted of the same sedulous exclusion of all that could border on pleasure, or give any exercise to choice. The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any person but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to snatch even a fearful joy; their very amusements proceeded by the word of command.

'How grievous all this must have been, it is easy to conceive. To Schiller it was more grievous than to any other. Of an ardent and impetuous, yet delicate nature, whilst his discontentment devoured him internally, he was too modest and timid to give it the relief of utterance by deeds or words. Locked up within himself, he suffered deeply, but without complaining. Some of his letters written during this period have been preserved: they exhibit the ineffectual struggles of a fervid and busy mind veiling its many chagrins under a certain dreary patience, which only shews them more painfully. He pored over his lexicons, and grammars, and insipid tasks, with an artificial composure; but his spirit pined within him like a captive's, when he looked forth into the cheerful world, or recollected the affection of parents, the hopes and frolicksome enjoyments of past years. The misery he endured in this severe and lonely mode of existence strengthened or produced in him a habit of constraint and shyness, which clung to his character through life.' pp. 13—15.

It was a practice in this 'free' school, for each of the scholars to compose and deliver annually an oration, containing a delineation of his own special character; and young Schiller availed himself of one of these occasions to intimate his decided preference of clerical to juridical pursuits. The appeal had no effect; the decree had gone forth, that the serf was to be made a jurist, and a jurist he would have been, but for the fortunate formation of a medical class into which he procured himself to be transferred in 1775. All this while he was indulging himself, as far as possible, in his favourite study of general literature, and his first trial of his qualifications for obtaining a place among the writers of his country, was embodied in the shape of a sacred epic, entitled, 'Moses.' This ambitious attempt of a boy in his fourteenth year, has not, we suppose, been preserved; but some portion of his next production, a tragedy from the history of the Medici, he judged worthy of insertion in his *Robbers*. The publication of this last mentioned drama, wild, romantic, and of overwhelming interest, gave its determining character to the life of Schiller. In 1780, he had received an appointment as surgeon to a regiment in the troops of Würtemberg, and was thus enabled to effect, though at his own expense, the publication of the *Robbers*. This event seems to have put all Germany in commotion. Extravagant admiration was the predominant sensation, but there were opposite feelings and circumstances which exposed Schiller to some danger. He was charged with offending against the interests of morality, and the vagaries of some German ruffian who distinguished himself, at that period, as a highwayman of eminence, were imputed to the young dramatist as their remote instigator. This affair was worked up into two or three very pretty and affecting stories. At one time, it was a whole university, with its imagination intoxicated by the perusal of the *Robbers*, that had taken up arms, turned banditti in the Black Forest, and after perpetrating enormous atrocities, got broken on the wheel. At another time, a mitigated version gained a more general credence: the 'German blackguard' was ennobled; he became a man of rank, 'of the fairest gifts and prospects,' who had

'betaken himself to the forests, and copying Moor, had begun a course of active operations,—which, also copying Moor, but less willingly, he had ended by a shameful death.'

All this, however, might have been suffered to take its own course; but the *Robbers*, unluckily, gave umbrage to very grave and dignified personages, and the magistrates of the Grisons took the trouble of putting themselves in a passion at a passage which applied to them a current Swabian proverb

‘ The obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from subsequent editions. It was in the third scene of the second act. Spiegelberg discoursing with Razmann, observes, ‘ an honest man you may form of windle-straws ; but to make a rascal you must have grist : besides, there is a national genius in it, a certain rascal-climate, so to speak.’ In the first edition, there was added : ‘ *Go to the Grisons, for instance : that is what I call the thief’s Athens.*’ The patriot who stood forth on this occasion for the honour of the Grisons, to deny this weighty charge, and denounce the crime of making it, was (not Dogberry or Verges, but) ‘ one of the noble family of Salis.’

All this roused the Grand Duke of Würtemberg. He sent for poor Schiller, and inflicted on him a moral, political, and critical endoctrination, with reference to his unfortunate drama. It is to be lamented that no authentic record of this memorable lecture has been preserved, but it appears to have terminated in a peremptory injunction, that if, at any future time, the culprit should so far forget his medical duties, as to be guilty of poetry, he must make humble and unreserved confession to his Highness, who would, in that case, so far condescend as to take upon himself the office and functions of an Eclectic Reviewer.

The subject of all this clamour, the Robbers, is, with all its faults, a magnificent production. The characters, the language, the conduct of the plot, and even the scenery, are in perfect keeping with each other. In Karl von Moor, the combination of fine but exaggerated feelings with desperate energy of resolution and action, is maintained throughout with admirable consistency and force. Franz is a melodramatic villain, and Amelia is gentle and loving. There is much masterly discrimination in the characters of the Banditti, and the situations are skilfully contrived and contrasted.

‘ The scene on the hills beside the Danube, where he looks at the setting sun, and thinks of old hopes, and times, ‘ when he could not sleep if his evening prayer had been forgotten,’ is one, with all its improprieties, that ever clings to the memory. ‘ See,’ he passionately continues, ‘ all things are gone forth to bask in the peaceful beam of the spring : why must I inhale alone the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven ? That all should be so happy, all so married together by the spirit of peace ! The whole world *one* family, its Father above ; that Father not *mine* ! I alone the castaway, I alone struck out from the company of the just ; for me no child to lisp my name, never for me the languishing look of one whom I love ; never, never, the embracing of a bosom friend ! Encircled with murderers ; serpents hissing around me ; rivetted to vice with iron bonds ; rushing down to the gulph of perdition on the eddying torrent of wickedness ;—amid the flowers of the glad world, a howling Abaddon ! O that I might return into my mother’s womb—that I might be born a beggar ! I would never more—O Heaven that I could be as one of

these day-labourers! Oh! I would toil till the blood ran down from my temples, to buy myself the pleasure of one noon-tide sleep, the blessing of a single tear. There was a time too when I could weep—O ye days of peace, thou castle of my father, ye green lovely valleys!—O all ye Elysian scenes of my childhood! will ye never come again, never with your balmy sighing cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me, Nature! They will never come again, never cool my burning bosom with their balmy sighing. They are gone, gone, and may not return!

‘No less striking is the soliloquy where Moor, with the instrument of self-destruction in his hands, the ‘dread key that is to shut behind him the prison of life, and to unbolt before him the dwelling of eternal night,’—meditates on the gloomy enigmas of his future destiny. Soliloquies on this subject are numerous—from the time of Hamlet, of Cato, and downwards. Perhaps the worst of them has more ingenuity, perhaps the best of them has less awfulness than the present. St. Dominick himself might shudder at such a question, with such an answer, as this: ‘What if thou shouldst send me companionless to some burnt and blasted circle of the universe; which thou hast banished from thy sight; where the lone darkness and the motionless desert were my prospects—for ever? I would people the silent wilderness with my fantasies; I should have Eternity for leisure to examine the perplexed image of the universal woe.’

‘Strength, wild impassioned strength, is the distinguishing quality of Moor. All his history shews it: and his death is of a piece with the fierce splendour of his life. Having finished the bloody work of crime, and magnanimity, and horror, he thinks that, for himself, suicide would be too easy an exit. He has noticed a poor man toiling by the way-side, for eleven children; a great reward has been promised for the head of the Robber; the gold will nourish that poor drudge and his boys, and Moor goes forth to give it them.’

Schiller himself, in riper years, was fully aware of the defects and excesses of this juvenile production.

‘A singular miscalculation of nature,’ he says, ‘had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish, it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me. I was unacquainted with men; for the four hundred that lived with me were but repetitions of the same creature, true casts of one single mould, and of that very mould which plastic nature solemnly disclaimed. Thus circumstanced, a stranger to human characters and human fortunes, to hit the medium line between angels and devils was an enterprize in which I necessarily failed. In attempting it, my pencil necessarily brought

out a monster, for which by good fortune the world had no original, and which I would not wish to be immortal, except to perpetuate an example of the offspring which Genius in its unnatural union with Thralldom may give to the world. I allude to the *Robbers*.' pp. 27, 8.

In the mean time, Schiller's situation at Stuttgard was becoming somewhat critical. He had ventured on a secret trip to Mannheim, that he might witness the first performance of his tragedy, and this pardonable indiscretion was punished, on detection, by a week's arrest. A repetition of the transgression led to mysterious intimations of more serious visitation, and he determined, at all cost and all hazards, to escape from this intolerable state of constraint. In October 1782, availing himself of a favourable opportunity, he finally broke bounds, and, 'empty in purse and hope,' left the territories of Würtemberg, abandoning every prospect of advancement, since it could be realized only at the expense of liberty and fame. For some time he remained in prudent obscurity, employing himself in the composition of his two noble tragedies, *Fiesco*, and *Cabal and Love*, until in September 1783, he settled at Mannheim as Poet to the Theatre of that city.

March 1785 witnessed the close of Schiller's eighteen months' sojourn at Mannheim, and the commencement of his residence at Leipzig. The happiness which he had enjoyed in the society of his friends, pleaded strongly in behalf of the former place; but ambition, kindled by the prospect of a wider sphere, prevailed over the blended attractions of friendship and love. Of the precise extent and operation of the latter feeling we have few illustrations. Nothing more appears, than that the lady was the daughter of a respectable Mannheim bookseller, and that the parties, though always retaining their mutual friendship, did not marry. From Leipzig he soon transferred his domicile to Dresden, where he completed his *Don Carlos*, a noble tragedy of which the most striking character, that of the Marquis de Posa, is a lofty and original conception. He seems at this time to have intended an entire abandonment of dramatic writing, but under the influence of considerable indecision respecting a substitute in his literary pursuits. He employed himself with eminent success in lyrical composition, contributed much to periodical works, and was stimulated by the notoriety of the arch-charlatan Cagliostro to the publication of his enthralling, though unfinished romance, the *Ghost-seer*. His attention was, however, chiefly turned to history, and he devoted much time and study to the circumstances connected with the Revolt of the Netherlands.

'A visit to Weimar had long been one of Schiller's projects; he now first accomplished it in 1787. Saxony had been, for ages, the

Attica of Germany ; and Weimar had, of late, become its Athens. In this literary city, Schiller found what he expected, sympathy and brotherhood with men of kindred minds. To Göthe he was not introduced ; but Herder and Wieland received him with a cordial welcome : with the latter he soon formed a most friendly intimacy. Wieland, the Nestor of German letters, was grown gray in the service ; Schiller revered him as a father, and he was treated by him as a son. ' We shall have bright hours,' he said ; ' Wieland is still young, when he loves.' Wieland had long edited the *Deutsche Mercur* : in consequence of their connexion, Schiller now took part in contributing to that work. Some of his smaller poems, one or two fragments of the History of the Netherlands, and the *Letters on Don Carlos* first appeared here. His own *Thalia* still continued to come out at Leipzig. With these for his incidental employments, with the Belgian Revolt for his chief study, and the best society in Germany for his leisure, Schiller felt no wish to leave Weimar. The place and what it held, contented him so much, that he thought of selecting it for his permanent abode. ' You know the men,' he writes, ' of whom Germany is proud ; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren ; and one wall now encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar ! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length once more to get a country.' pp. 136, 7.

Goethe and Schiller did not, at first, meet each other with much cordiality ; but though the Author of the present Memoir employs a quantity of very ingenious, but not very tangible speculation in elucidation of their shyness, we are unable to discover any motive for it more refined than jealousy. Goethe does not seem to have relished a ' rival near the throne ;' and Schiller was not of a humour to give up his pretensions lightly. In time, however, this distance lessened, and a very sincere attachment appears to have subsisted between these men of genius. In 1788, the first volume of the Revolt of the Netherlands appeared ; and in the following year, its Author was appointed to the professorship of history in the University of Jena,—an office the more acceptable as it fixed him in the immediate vicinity of Weimar. In February 1790, he married.

Of his official prelections, a few fragments only remain ; and such is their excellence, as to excite the deepest regret for the non-preservation of his entire course. He did not, however, desist from his labours for the public, and in 1791, his admirable, but rather sketchy History of the Thirty Years' War, made its appearance. Soon after the completion of this work, he was visited by a severe pulmonary affection, and an entire abstraction from intellectual exertion was peremptorily prescribed. In the midst of the despondency and disastrous anticipations occasioned by this inhibition of the labours on

which the very subsistence of his family depended, he was cheered by the spontaneous liberality of the Hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenberg, who, jointly with Count Von Schimmelman, secured to him for three years, an annuity of a thousand crowns, on the sole condition that he should use every effort for the recovery of his health. With returning health, Schiller's restless and versatile mind recommenced its operations, but in a new direction. He had grown wondrous metaphysical of late, and was much infected by the mysticism of Kant's philosophy. We regret our inability to extract the comments made by his biographer on this portion of Schiller's literary history; they are moderate and judicious, but we cannot unite with him in his appeal to Mr. Coleridge, as to the hopeful regenerator of mental philosophy. This new pursuit had its day, and the Proteus mind of Schiller, sated with merely intellectual labour, again called forth to active exercise the imaginative faculty. An Epic in *ottave rime*, on the exploits either of Gustavus Adolphus, or of Frederic the Great of Prussia, was projected, but laid aside in favour of the drama, and *Wallestein* appeared. In the mean time he had revisited the scenes of his infancy.

‘His aged parents were yet living to participate in the splendid fortune of the son, whom they had once lamented and despaired of, but never ceased to love. In 1793, he paid them a visit in Swabia, and passed nine cheerful months among the scenes dearest to his recollection: enjoying the kindness of those unalterable friends whom Nature had given him, and the admiring deference of those by whom it was most delightful to be honoured,—those who had known him in adverse and humbler circumstances, whether they might have respected or contemned him. By the Grand Duke, his ancient censor and patron, he was not interfered with; that prince, in answer to a previous application on the subject, having indirectly engaged to take no notice of this journey. The Grand Duke had already interfered too much with him, and bitterly repented of his interference. Next year he died, an event which Schiller, who had long forgotten past ill treatment, did not learn without true sorrow, and grateful recollections of bygone kindness. The new sovereign, anxious to repair the injustice of his predecessor, almost instantly made offer of a vacant Tübingen professorship to Schiller; a proposal flattering to the latter, but which, by the persuasion of the Duke of Weimar, he respectfully declined.

‘Amid labours and amusements so multiplied, amid such variety of intellectual exertion and of intercourse with men, Schiller, it was clear, had not suffered the encroachments of bodily disease to undermine the vigour of his mental or moral powers. No period of his life displayed in stronger colours the lofty and determined zeal of his character. He had already written much; his fame stood upon a firm basis; domestic wants no longer called upon him for incessant

effort; and his frame was pining under the slow canker of an incurable malady. Yet he never loitered, never rested; his fervid spirit, which had vanquished opposition and oppression in his youth; which had struggled against harassing uncertainties, and passed unsullied through many temptations, in his earlier manhood, did not now yield to this last and most fatal enemy. The present was the busiest, most productive season of his literary life; and with all its drawbacks, it was probably the happiest. Violent attacks from his disorder were of rare occurrence; and its constant influence, the dark vapours with which it would have overshadowed the faculties of his head and heart, were repelled by diligence and a courageous exertion of his will. In other points, he had little to complain of, and much to rejoice in. He was happy in his family, the chosen scene of his sweetest, most lasting satisfaction; by the world he was honoured and admired; his wants were provided for; he had tasks which inspired and occupied him; friends who loved him, and whom he loved. Schiller had much to enjoy, and most of it he owed to himself.

In his mode of life at Jena, simplicity and uniformity were the most conspicuous qualities, the single excess which he admitted being that of zeal in the pursuits of literature, the sin which all his life had most easily beset him. His health had suffered much, and principally, it was thought, from the practice of composing by night: yet the charms of this practice were still too great for his self-denial; and, except in severe fits of sickness, he could not discontinue it. The highest, proudest pleasure of his mind was, that glow of intellectual production, that 'fine frenzy,' which makes the poet, while it lasts, a new and nobler creature; exalting him into brighter regions, adorned by visions of magnificence and beauty, and delighting all his faculties by the intense consciousness of their exerted power. To enjoy this pleasure in perfection, the solitary stillness of night, diffusing its solemn influence over thought as well as earth and air, had at length in Schiller's case grown indispensable. For this purpose, accordingly, he was accustomed, in the present, as in former periods, to invert the common order of things: by day he read, refreshed himself with the aspect of nature, conversed or corresponded with his friends, but he wrote and studied in the night. And as his bodily feelings were too often those of languor and exhaustion, he adopted, in impatience of such mean impediments, the pernicious expedient of stimulants, which yield a momentary strength, only to waste our remaining fund of it more speedily and surely.

During summer, his place of study was in a garden, which at length he purchased, in the suburbs of Jena, not far from the Weselbofs' house, where at that time was the office of the *Allgemeine Litteraturzeitung*. Reckoning from the market-place of Jena, it lies on the south-west border of the town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuthor, in a hollow defile, through which a part of the Leutra-bach flows round the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saal, and the fir mountains of the neighbouring forest, Schiller built himself a small house, with a single chamber. It was his favourite abode during

‘ hours of composition ; a great part of the works he then wrote were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt apart from the noise of men ; in the Griesbach’s house, on the outside of the city-trench. * * * On sitting down to his desk at nights, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish, or Champaign, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbours used to hear him earnestly declaiming, in the silence of the night : and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions, a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden-house, on the other side of the dell, might see him now speaking aloud and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing ; and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five o’clock in the morning ; in summer, till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten.’

Long as this extract has been, we are persuaded that none of our readers would wish it shortened. It contains the leading features of Schiller’s habitual life, and will enable us to dispense with further detail on that subject. Nor shall we enter into a minute analysis of his great dramatic production, the *Wallenstein* : we could not afford space for large extract, and without it, we should scarcely find it practicable to convey an adequate idea of that complicated tragedy. The *Maid of Orleans* and the *Bride of Messina* succeeded *Wallenstein*, and, in 1804, appeared *William Tell*, the last production of Frederick Schiller.

‘ The spring of 1805, which Schiller had anticipated with no ordinary hopes of enjoyment and activity, came on in its course, cold, bleak, and stormy ; and along with it his sickness returned. The help of physicians was vain ; the unwearied services of trembling affection were vain : his disorder kept increasing ; on the 9th of May it reached a crisis. Early in the morning of that day, he grew insensible, and by degrees delirious. Among his expressions, the word *Lichtenberg* was frequently noticed ; a word of no import ; indicating, as some thought, the writer of that name, whose works he had lately been reading ; according to others, the castle of Leuchtenberg, which, a few days before his sickness, he had been proposing to visit. The poet and the sage was soon to lie low ; but his friends were spared the farther pain of seeing him depart in madness. The fiery canopy of physical suffering, which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside ; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity, once again before it passed away for ever. After noon his delirium abated ; about four o’clock he fell into a soft sleep, from which he ere long awoke in full possession of his senses. Restored to consciousness in that hour, when the soul is cut off from human help, and man must front the King of Terrors on his own

strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell: he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said: "*Calmer and calmer*;" simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said: "*Many things were growing plain and clear to him!*" Again he closed his eyes; and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening; and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form, soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley.'

We make no further comment on this paragraph, than to express our hope that this great genius did not '*front the King of Terrors on his own strength.*'

Such is a general outline of the life and literary career of Schiller, a name second to none of those to which Germany looks as the supporters of her poetical fame. Impassioned, eloquent, and imaginative, he impresses a mingled character of loftiness and vehemence on the creations of his fancy. He appears to us strikingly original. Charles de Moor, Posa, Fiesco, Wallenstein, Tell, are emphatically his own; drawn by a master-hand from the archetype of a powerful and unborrowing invention. Of Shakspeare, with whom he has been sometimes placed either in contrast or comparison, Schiller has neither the rich fancy, the boundless variety, the magical facility, nor the preternatural intuition. But among the tragic writers of his own country, as far as our acquaintance with them extends, he stands without a rival, and we cordially coincide with the verdict which places him above the dramatists of France.

The Author of the present volume has executed his task with skill; he writes with spirit, and exhibits a thorough acquaintance with his subject. A little *verbiage* may be excused, in connexion with the German school; but, with a slight reservation on this head, we think his criticisms sound, and their expression forcible.

Art. V. *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*. Selected and translated by John Bowring. Small 8vo. pp. 328. London. 1825.

A Critical knowledge of the national poetry of Northern and Western Europe, and an admirable command over the

poetical language of his own country, have justly placed Mr. Bowring at the head of our modern poetical translators. It is not long since he transplanted a knot of fresh and blooming flowrets from the snows of Sarmatia. This was followed by a collection of poetical tulips from the low levels of Batavia. The little volume now before us is a chaplet still more beautiful and fragrant, from the romantic regions of Spain.

If a country could ever be said to have been moulded and fashioned by its popular poetry, it is Spain. Every warlike nation has had its Tyrtæus; but the martial songs that inspire patriotism and courage, often die away with the peril that called them forth, and rarely leave lasting and imperishable remembrances. It is the ballad, the ditty, the strain that breathes melancholy and pensive complainings, chaunted 'by the free maids that weave their thread with bones;'—these are the natural music of the heart, which, speaking the pure and simple tones of its affections, and springing also from the popular tastes and predispositions, contribute, in their turn, to multiply and confirm the feelings and the habits with which they harmonize.

The sixteenth century was the poetical age of Spain. But Spanish poetry was destined only to a short-lived luxuriance. From the war of the Succession, an event in many respects fatal to the literature of that peninsula, affectation, the canker that preys on poetic beauty, soon despoiled it of its sweetness. What survived the decay of its graceful and elegant simplicity, was hardly worth retaining. The spirit of the antique poesy was gone, and the scrupulous solicitude with which its forms were preserved, was inadequate to restore it. A worse symptom appeared. The later writers of Spain affected a cold and disdainful indifference for the older poets of their country. Yet, they were still beloved by the people. They formed the tenderest of the national recollections, and were embalmed among those honest and household affections of our nature, which survive every change and vicissitude of taste.

The Romance (in its origin a mere metrical recitation of events) and romantic songs were the first simple beginnings of Spanish poetry. The former was for the most part of oriental origin. It was at first an unadorned poetical narration. As its subjects became more varied, it was embellished with brilliant and picturesque imagery. On the other hand, the romantic songs of Spain were of a more unpretending character. With little aid from figurative ornament, they sought only to convey, under some strong and pleasing allusion, the native emotions of the heart. They might be said to occupy that intermediate space between sentiment and thought, in which

there is enough of feeling to interest, and enough of art to delight. Its forms were various, but these were only so many musical variations of the same theme. Such, however, was the increasing opulence of the Castilian language, that it soon outgrew a poesy so modest and so simple. The stanzas of Italy, her *ottava*, her *terza rima*, her sonnet, her *canzoni*, were transplanted into Spain, and served to exhibit the dignity and beauty of her idiom to still greater advantage.

Of this species of song-writing, the prevalent characteristic, however, is simplicity, but a simplicity very remote from negligence. This perhaps is its defect. It seems wanting in the careless gracefulness (the *αφαια* of the Greeks) which is the great charm of the lyric poetry of the people. But Mr. Bowring has so ingeniously sketched the character of these popular pieces, and in language so truly elegant, that we willingly extract the following passage from his short and well-written preface. Would that we could participate in the hopes which brighten his anticipations respecting the fine country, upon whose national pulsation, despotism and bigotry have for the present laid the hand of death!

'The popular poetry of Spain is, however, especially interesting, because it is truly national. Its influence has, perhaps, served more than any other circumstance to preserve, from age to age, the peculiar characteristics of the Spanish nation. Their language, their habitual thoughts and feelings, their very existence, have all borrowed the hues of their romantic songs. The immortality of their poets is not alone in the recollections, or the affections, of the people, but in their every-day pursuits, and enjoyments, and cares. All events have combined to create this character. The haughty orientalism of the Mussulmans, and the rude struggles of ardent and courageous adventurers for freedom,—the knight-errantry of the chivalric ages,—the music of the *trobadores*,—all in action among high mountains, mighty streams, the surrounding sea, the unclouded heaven, and conveyed through a language singularly poetical and sonorous, have created the love, and the practice, of romantic song, throughout the Peninsula, and stamped, indelibly, a distinguishing impress upon its universal mind.

'When the very narrow range of these compositions is considered, their variety, as well as their simplicity, will excite admiration. The poet in Spain is no heir of creation, calling "the world—the world!" his own. His enthusiasm is fettered by civil and religious despotism; all the sublimer aspirations of his genius are suppressed. It is strange he should have done so much when he could do nothing without fear and awe; and the inquirer asks,—what might he not have done if the highest and noblest themes of song had not been banned and barred to his imagination?

'This volume can aspire to nothing but that unobtrusive character

which distinguish most of the names which head its pages, though a great part of the whole is unhonoured by a name. Lope de Vega said of the romances of his country, that they were "Iliads without a Homer." He might have meant as much to celebrate the modesty of the author as the merit of the work.

'In my mind these compositions are blended with very sweet thoughts of the past,—thoughts, alas! which may no longer associate themselves with the future. In Spain I have passed many happy days,—to Spaniards I owe many delightful recollections. My estimation of the Spanish character, my hopes of Spanish regeneration, have not been shaken by the disasters which have filled some minds with disappointment, and others with despair. I wish to record this confidence in the day of adversity.' *Preface*, pp. vi—viii.

The establishment of the Christian kingdoms in Spain,—the eventful period, when the mighty descendants of the Goths rushed from their rocky recesses in Asturias in an overwhelming tide of victory, down to the final expulsion of the Moors;—this long interval is filled with moral prodigies, and makes history itself a poem. It has all the marvellous of a great epic. It was equally a conflict for religion and for freedom. Hence the poetry of Spain is tinctured with religious devotion, too often mingled, however, with degrading superstition or ferocious bigotry. The following poem breathes a different spirit, and is of a very singular character.

'TIS TIME TO RISE!

' Long sleep has veil'd my spirit's eyes;
'Tis time to rise!—'tis time to rise!

' O! 'tis a dull and heavy sleep,
As if death's robe had wrapp'd the soul;
As if the poisons vices steep
In life's deep-dregg'd and mingled bowl,
Had chill'd the blood, and dimm'd the eyes:
But lo! the sun towers o'er the deep—
'Tis time to rise!—'tis time to rise!

' But angels sang in vain: above
Their voices blended. "Soul, awake!
Hark to yon babe!—what wondrous love
Bids God an infant's weakness take?
Long hast thou slept—that infant's cries
Shall the dark mist of night remove:
'Tis time to rise!—'tis time to rise!"'

The next which we shall extract, possesses great beauty, and may possibly surprise our readers by the excellence of its

sentiment. It might almost pass for a poem of Madame Guion's.

‘COME, WANDERING SHEEP, O COME !

‘Come, wandering sheep, O come !

I'll bind thee to my breast,

I'll bear thee to thy home,

And lay thee down to rest.

‘I saw thee stray forlorn,

And heard thee faintly cry,

And on the tree of scorn,

For thee I deign'd to die—

What greater proof could I

Give,—than to seek the tomb?

Come, wandering sheep, O come !

‘I shield thee from alarms,

And wilt thou not be blest ?

I bear thee in my arms.

Thou bear me in thy breast !

O this is love—come, rest—

This is a blissful doom.

Come, wandering sheep, O come !

The ‘Night of Marvels’ is by a Lusitanian Poet, of the name of Violante do Ceo ; and, we must remark by the way, that this collection of Spanish poetry includes many productions of Portuguese poets, though written, probably, in Castilian.

‘In such a marvellous night, so fair

And full of wonder strange and new,

Ye shepherds of the vale declare

Who saw the greatest wonder ? Who ?

‘FIRST. I saw the trembling fire look wan.

SECOND. I saw the sun shed tears of blood.

THIRD. I saw a God become a man:

FOURTH. I saw a man become a God.

‘O, wondrous marvels ! at the thought,

The bosom's awe and reverence move ;

But who such prodigies has wrought ?

What gave such wonders birth ? 'Twas love !

‘What called from heaven that flame divine,

Which streams in glory from above ;

And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,

And bless us with its brightness ? Love !

‘Who bid the glorious sun arrest

His course, and o'er heaven's concave move

In tears,—the saddest, loneliest,
Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

' Who raised the human race so high,
Ev'n to the starry seats above,
That, for our mortal progeny,
A man became a God? 'Twas love!

' Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day to night;
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

' Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath,—above;
And earth and heaven shall shout, as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

' The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—
The trembling fire that looked so wan,
The weeping sun behind the cloud.
A God—a God—become a man!
A mortal man become a God!

There are two sonnets by Bartolome de Argensola, of a very high order.

' SOUL AND SENSE.

' There are are two principles in man that strive
For ever for the mastery: he is bound
Even to the vilest reptiles on the ground,
And to the meanest plant or flower alive:
Yet he has glory struggling in his breast—
Glory that has its fountain-source above:
He stands erect in majesty and love,
And power, and joy, and feels that he is blest.
Let him beware, then, that his earthly part
Bend not its heavenly to its narrow sphere,
Nor clouds with darkness this his mortal state:
And, if he faint a moment, let his heart
Find comfort in the thought—that even here
He may the stars sublimely contemplate !'

' SONNET.

' TELL me, thou common Father,—tell me why,
(Since thou art just and good) dost thou permit
Successful fraud, securely throned, to sit,
While innocence, oppress'd, stands weeping by?
Why hast thou nerv'd that strong arm to oppose
Thy righteous mandates with impunity,
While the meek man who served and revered Thee
Lies at the feet of thine and virtue's foes?

‘ Why (said I, in despair) should vice confound
All nature’s harmony, and tower above
In all the pomp, and pride, and power of state?
Then I look’d upwards,—and I heard a sound
As from an angel, smiling through heaven’s gate,
“ Is earth a spot for heaven-born souls to love ?” ’

One of the noblest poems in the whole volume is an Ode by Jorge Manrique, beginning, ‘ Awake, awake, my sleeping soul!’ It is admirably translated; but it is much too long for insertion, extending to nearly 500 lines. Not inferior to this, is an Ode by Fray Luis de Leon, which must be our last specimen.

‘ When yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal state,
All dim and visiony, mean and desolate—

‘ A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks—or thoughts which thus intrude :

‘ Thou so sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty’s fairest shrine,—
My soul!—a spark of God,
Aspiring to Thy seats divine—
Why, why is it condemn’d in this dull cell to pine?

‘ Why should I ask in vain
For truth’s pure lamp—and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One;
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

‘ Dreams and delusions play
With man—he thinks not of his mortal fate:
Death treads his silent way;
The earth turns round, and then, too late,
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

‘ Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round—and ask if spirits born of heaven,
And bound to heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

‘ Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And spurn the vanity
Of time’s delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread,
 But a mere point, compared with that vast space
 Around, above you spread—
 Where, in the Almighty's face,
 The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

' List to the concerts pure
 Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light;
 See, in his orbit sure,
 Each takes his journey bright,
 Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night.

' See how the pale moon rolls
 Her silver wheel;—and, scattering beams afar
 On earth's benighted souls,
 See wisdom's holy star—
 Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of war.

' Or that benignant ray
 Which love hath called its own, and made so fair;
 Or that serene display
 Of power supernal there,
 Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air.

' And circling all the rest,
 See Saturn, father of the golden hours;
 While, round him, bright and blest,
 The whole empyreum showers
 Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours.

' But who to these can turn,
 And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this,—
 Nor feel his spirit burn
 To grasp so sweet a bliss,
 And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

' For there, and there alone,
 Are peace and joy and never-dying love;
 There, on a splendid throne,
 'Midst all those fires above,
 In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

' O wondrous blessedness!
 Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling;
 Day that shall never cease:
 No night there threatening—
 No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

' Ye fields of changeless green,
 Cover'd with living streams and fadeless flowers,
 Thou paradise serene,
 Eternal, joyful hours
 My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers.'

There are many poems of a different character; some which remind us of Catullus and Anacreon Moore, others of the nature of pastoral idyls; and we have met with one good epigram:

'O Father friar! who can tell
How much thou dost torment us here?
Would I could in thy convent dwell,
For thou art never there!

Of the taste and spirit of the translations, we have enabled our readers to judge;—but we must so temper our praise, as to render it worth Mr. Bowring's acceptance. He will, therefore, excuse us, if we venture to suggest, that the volume would have been more valuable, had it been more regular in its classifications. We could have wished, that the dates had been progressively assigned to each piece, so as to exhibit the gradation of taste, and the progress of popular feelings and opinions. The popular poetry of Spain must have undergone considerable change, when it became ambitious of Italian rhythms and mythological ornament: and traces of this change are very perceptible in the collection before us. It would have been also desirable to have occasionally printed the original Spanish text by the side of the translated specimens. A suspicion has once or twice stolen across us, that Mr. Bowring is not always satisfied with exhibiting samples of the ore in its original state, from the valuable mines which he has explored with so much skill and judgement, but that he has been sometimes solicitous to shew the perfection to which it was capable of being refined, in his own compositions. On the other hand, the wish to adhere to the measure and simplicity of the original, has sometimes led him to content himself with very imperfect rhymes and unpolished versification. Most of these pieces, we admit, were not worthy of much elaboration, but some of them are susceptible of very beautiful imitation, which is, after all, in many cases, the fairest mode of rendering them. We do not, however, complain of Mr. Bowring's fidelity to his originals, or that he has not followed the seductive example of the noble Translator of Catullus's minor poems. The volume has high merit and value as a collection of specimens illustrative of the Spanish character. Whether it is correctly designated '*Ancient Poetry of Spain*,' may, however, be questioned, since a large proportion of them, at all events, are modern compositions.

Art. VI. *The Rising Village.* A Poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, a collateral Descendant of the Author of "*The Deserted Village.*" With a Preface, by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. 12mo. pp. 48. Price 2s. 6d. London. 1825.

WHO will grudge half a crown for a poem by a descendant of Oliver Goldsmith's? It is true, that poetry does not often run in the blood, nor is a poet's lyre an heir-loom. Nor does an identity of name augur a similarity of character. There is Isaac Newton, linen-draper, and John Milton, cheesemonger. And too often, the proud current of noble or illustrious blood ends, like the Rhine, in ditches; so that relationship does not imply succession: the entail gets cut off by the way. But, in the present instance, the fact of intellectual, as well as natural affinity seems fairly established; and another Oliver Goldsmith thus addresses another Henry Goldsmith in the following terms:

• My Dear Henry,

• Allow me to address this poem to your notice, that in so doing I may gratify the feelings of affection which a fond brother entertains for you.

• The celebrated Author of the *Deserted Village* has pathetically displayed the anguish of his countrymen on being forced, from various causes, to quit their native plains, endeared to them by so many delightful recollections, and to seek a refuge in regions at that time unknown or but little heard of. It would, perhaps, have been a subject of astonishment to him, could he have known that some of his relations were to be among the number, and that a grandson of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicated his *Traveller*, would draw his first breath at no great distance from the spot where

"Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

• In the *Rising Village* I have humbly endeavoured to describe the sufferings which the early settlers experienced, the difficulties which they surmounted, the rise and progress of a young country, and the prospects which promise happiness to its future possessors.

The following lines will convey, we imagine, a favourable impression of the Writer's talents.

• While now the *Rising Village* claims a name,
Its limits still increase, and still its fame,
The wand'ring Pedlar, who undaunted trac'd
His lonely footsteps o'er the silent waste;
Who travers'd once the cold and snow-clad plain,
Reckless of danger, trouble, or of pain,
To find a market for his little wares,
The source of all his hopes, and all his cares,

Establish'd here, his settled home maintains,
And soon a merchant's higher title gains.

'Round his store on spacious shelves array'd,
Behold his great and various stock in trade.

Here, nails and blankets, side by side, are seen,

There, hoes' collars, and a large tureen ;

Buttons and tumblers, bodhooks, spoons and knives;

Shawls for young damsels, flannels for old wives ;

Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys,

Mill-saws and fenders, silks, and infants' toys ;

All useful things, and join'd with many more,

Compose the well assorted country store.

' The half-bred Doctor next here settles down,

And hopes the village soon will prove a town.

No rival here disputes his doubtful skill,

He cures, by chance, or ends each human ill ;

By turns he physicks, or his patient bleeds,

Uncertain in what case each best succeeds.

And if, from friends untimely snatch'd away,

Some beauty fall a victim to decay ;

If some fine youth, his parents' fond delight,

Be early hurried to the shades of night,

Death bears the blame, 'tis his envenom'd dart

That strikes the suff'ring mortal to the heart.

' Beneath the shelter of a log-built shed

The country school-house next erects its head.

No "man severe," with learning's bright display,

Here leads the op'ning blossoms into day ;

No master here, in ev'ry art refin'd,

Through fields of science guides th' aspiring mind ;

But some poor wand'rer of the human race,

Unequal to the task, supplies his place,

Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill

Consists in reading or in writing ill ;

Whose efforts can no higher merit claim,

Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame ;

No modest youths surround his awful chair,

His frowns to deprecate, or smiles to share,

But all the terrors of his lawful sway

The proud despise, the fearless disobey ;

The rugged urchins spurn at all control

Which cramps the movements of the free-born soul,

Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,

They think their knowledge far exceeds his own.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia has done himself honour by the part he has taken in bringing this meritorious young man into notice. He is, it seems, at this time, an officer of his Ma-

jefty's Commissariat in Nova Scotia; and his father formerly held a situation in the same department.

'Mr. Goldsmith's opinion of this effort of his talent,' says the Bishop, 'was very modest, and it would not have met the public eye, if it had not fallen under the observation of several friends who thought it deserving of notice and encouragement. They supposed that a poem upon such a subject, from the pen of a person bearing the name of the celebrated Author of the *Deserted Village*, and allied to him by blood, would hardly fail to excite some interest, more especially as it may be considered as taking up the history of the innocent sufferers who were driven from *Auburn*, and tracing their humble progress beyond the Western main, from their first settlement in a rude forest to a state of comparative comfort and enjoyment.

'Those friends accordingly recommended the publication of the *Rising Village*, and the Author consented to commit it entirely to their discretion. They are not without hope that it will be received with indulgence, as the first effort of a deserving young man, who has always recommended himself by his character and conduct. Nor have they a doubt that such reception of his first attempt will encourage him to new exertion. For he has an aged and widowed mother, now residing at Plymouth, whose comfort it is his chief delight to promote; and if his talent and pen can be made instrumental to such a purpose, they will engage his very earnest endeavours.'

Need we add a word in recommendation of this interesting little publication?

Art. VII. *The Ten Commandments, illustrated and enforced, on Christian Principles.* By W. H. Stowell. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. viii. 220. Price 4s. London, 1825.

WE are by no means of opinion that a volume of plain lectures on the Ten Commandments is 'a thing uncalled for.' We are quite sure, that to illustrate and enforce the Decalogue from the pulpit, is not a work of supererogation. Mr. Stowell is, we think, to be commended for setting so good an example, undeterred by the fear of having the cry of legality raised against him; and the reasons he assigns for entering on the present course will, we hope, lead many Christian teachers to do likewise.

'The preachers of the gospel generally lament the partial success of their exertions. The unwelcome truth is forced on our view, by the senseless indifference of the multitude, by the extreme jealousy towards the peculiarities of the gospel displayed in the reflecting classes, by the stationary kind of piety which prevails with numbers

by whom these peculiarities are professedly admired, and by the comparatively lifeless and unproductive state of those for whom our better hopes are cherished. There is much outward decency; much observance of divine institutions; much professed regard to the Bible and all its principles; much interest taken in the tone, and style, and other circumstances incidental to the preaching of the gospel; much excitement and promise in the state of mind with which these things are attended to; but where is the result, the proof of being saved from sin, and enjoying fellowship with Christ, and triumphing in the hope of the gospel, and bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit in righteousness and true holiness?

• We are led to think that there are some points on which all our hearts and consciences need to be more earnestly impressed, and these points we believe to be connected with the requirements and denunciations of the law of God.

• But, there is a dread of *legal preaching*. If by this phrase be meant, the preaching which fosters the hope of salvation because of our obedience to the law, such preaching is most solemnly proscribed in Scripture, for it is destructive of the very elements of the gospel. We are persuaded, however, that men would never venture on such preaching, if they understood the law of God; neither, did others understand it, could they endure to listen to such preaching. The best antidote to these delusions, then, is an exposition of the law, in all the breadths and lengths of its requirements.

• But, if by legal preaching is meant, the faithful and fervid enforcement of these commands on every man's conscience, as the standard by which he is to walk now, and to be judged hereafter, whence, we demand, the dread of such a style of preaching? Surely not from an enlightened regard to the honour of God; we know nothing of that honour, but as we study and obey his law. Surely not from an enlightened attachment to the gospel; we do not understand the gospel, but as it enlarges our conceptions of the divine law, and constrains us to fulfil it. If the gospel had not been intended to exalt the character of the law in our esteem, to enhance its authority, and, by relieving the conscience from the guilt of having broken it, to influence the heart to a steady observance of its precepts, the whole genius of the gospel must have been the reverse of what it is. In proportion as the law is explained, and really understood, God is honoured; the conscience is enlightened; the gospel is valued; the necessity of holiness is acknowledged; the grief of penitence is awakened; the corruption of the heart is felt; the atonement of the Saviour is embraced; the influence of the Spirit is implored; the heart is purified; the soul is saved.

..... • What is conviction of sin? A practical acknowledgement in the sinner's mind, of the authority and perfection of the law. What is conversion? The turning of the heart to the statutes of the law. What is justification? Imputing to him that believes in Jesus the righteousness which fulfilled the law. What is holiness? Spontaneous and grateful obedience to the law. What are the precepts of the gospel but amplifications and enforcements of the law? What

is heaven? The eternal and perfect conformity of the soul to the law of God, and the satisfaction of being in that likeness.

We sometimes hear the preaching of the *terrors* of the law spoken of in contradistinction from what is called emphatically the preaching of the gospel; and, in this point of view, the Law may still serve as "a schoolmaster" to introduce men to Christ. But we are inclined to think, that the excellencies of that law, which is holy, and just, and good, are not sufficiently dwelt upon. The spirit of the Psalmist's declaration, "Oh how love I thy law: it is my meditation all the day!" does not pervade, as it ought to do, the practice of modern Christians. Nothing, we admit, can be more unaffecting and inefficient than cold disquisitions on moral virtue; yet, "if there be any virtue," whatsoever things "are lovely, and decorous, and of good report," we are commanded to think of; and in order to their being rightly thought of, they require to be very distinctly brought forward in connexion with evangelical motives and the example of Christ. For this sort of *legal* preaching, if it be such, there is no small occasion. There is a vague notion afloat, that the Decalogue is not binding upon Christians,—that it is a part of the Mosaic economy which is done away; notwithstanding that Our Lord expressly declared, that he came, not to destroy, but to fulfil the law. This notion is not confined to those who are *par excellence* Antinomians; it is favoured by Paley and has been espoused by Jeremy Bentham. The chief pretence for this notion is, that the fourth commandment has undergone some change or partial repeal. We have known individuals who were willing to recognise the authority of nine commandments out of the ten: but they stumbled at this Jewish law of the Sabbath. It is obvious that this opinion, however, has no small tendency to relax the obligations of the other nine; and what may be in some individuals a conscientious fear of *judaizing*, leads, we are persuaded, to an insensible depreciation of the Divine law.

But nothing is susceptible of clearer proof, than that the precepts of our Lord and the teaching of his Apostles, are built upon the law of the Ten Commandments, and presuppose its perpetual obligation; that this law is still the unchangeable measure of righteousness; that the righteousness of Christ, by faith in which the believer is justified, has itself relation to that law; and that conformity to the righteousness of Christ must therefore be ascertained by the same rule. The opinion in question strikes at the very foundations, therefore, of the evangelical system, since it tends to obscure the lustre of that righteousness which is the foundation of a sinner's hope, and to weaken the force of the example of the Saviour.

It must be of infinite importance, then, that *clear* ideas should be entertained on this subject. There is no part of the decalogue which has not been afresh promulgated by our Lord, not excepting the fourth; and it is highly desirable that the Commandments should constantly be enforced upon professed Christians, by an appeal to the language, as well as the life of our Lord. But, in their collective and specific form, as originally inscribed by the finger of Jehovah, they come with a peculiar distinctness and authority upon the conscience. On this account, no child ought to be suffered to pass through a Sunday school without learning them by heart; and the practice of insisting on them in this form from the pulpit, appears to us not less desirable. Such was the practice of wise and holy men of old, and we know that it was the practice of Him who spake as never man spake.

As the first publication of a young man, it would not be fair to bring this volume under minute criticism. The only fault we are disposed to find with it, is, that the phraseology is not sufficiently plain and simple. There is somewhat too much of *essay*ing; and the lectures are much more fit to be perused, than to be heard,—a circumstance, however, which will not detract from its merits as a publication. Nor should we advert to it, were we not anxious that young preachers should be guarded against adopting in the pulpit an ambitious style. The volume has our cordial recommendation, and will, we hope, be extensively useful. As a specimen of the Author's style, we shall make room for an extract from the Third Lecture.

* The name of the Lord may be taken in vain, *in worship.*

* 1. *When that worship is unaccompanied by spiritual feeling.*

* The absence of religious feeling has already been considered as a breach of the second commandment, because that commandment requires the expression of cordial homage to the Lord our God. The same lifelessness in performing the external acts of worship is a violation of the third commandment; because, in the act of worship, you take the name of the Lord; but the act being unaccompanied by the feeling of which it ought to be the indication, is without meaning:—it is, therefore, “taking the name of the Lord in vain.”

* 2. *When accompanied by false or spurious feelings.* Mere emotion, remember, is not spirituality. There is much animal excitement, and, as we conceive, much *moral* excitement produced by sympathy, by terror, by imitation, by natural susceptibility of impressions, where the mind is not spiritually enlightened, nor the conscience quickened, nor the heart awakened to holy and earnest solicitude about the salvation of the soul. If such temporary or occasional excitements are *all* the feelings with which you attend to the forms of social or of secret worship, beware of self-delusion; watch nar-

rowly, the state of of your affections and your temper; have a special guard over the manner in which you search the scriptures, and over the spirit in which you attend to the more tranquil, ordinary, and self-denying duties of religion. Sooner or later you will discover that you knew not "what manner of spirit you were of;" that you have been "taking the name of God in vain."

'3. *When accompanied by forbidden feelings; by self-complacency, by reliance on the merit of your performance, or even the thought that, in the estimation of God, it is meritorious; by the indulgence of malevolent dispositions, carnal imaginations, and hypocritical intentions; by presumptuous familiarity; by the bold and confident assuming to yourself of characters and privileges, which ought ever to be contemplated with some mixture of fear and trembling.* It could not be without a most instructive meaning, that He who knew what was in man, taught his disciples thus to pray: "Hallowed be thy name."

' Much need not be said of the violation of this commandment by WRITINGS. All those publications which contain what is blasphemous, irreverent, treacherous, or profane in the use of the name of God, are, at once, condemned, however adorned by the brilliances of fancy, or the fascinations of genius. To whatever extent an author of such productions gratifies his own taste, and promotes his own objects by the employment of such language, he is obviously "taking the name of the Lord in vain;" and, besides this, he encourages, sanctions, and palliates the same impiety in every mind that can be influenced by his sentiments or his example.

' Is not the eager appetite for this mental stimulus an alarming symptom?

' We may just remark here,—to witness theatrical representations, in which the name of God is so commonly and awfully insulted, is to be "a partaker of other men's sins."

' This commandment has annexed to it the declaration of a truth involved in the announcement of all the rest: but it is added here, either to intimate that there is something peculiarly aggravated in the sins forbidden, or to detect in the human heart the thought, or hope, that such sins are comparatively trifling: "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." To be held guilty is to be judged, and punished, according to the sentence of the law. The sentence pronounced on transgressors of the law, is the curse of God; and whether you have transgressed in one or other of the ways we have pointed out as breaches of this commandment, you are guilty. The laws of the community, having nothing to do with personal character but as it affects the community, may not recognise these transgressions of the law of God. To the taste of society, in some of its circles, many of the habits denounced may be perfectly congenial. The maxims of the age may excuse them. Your conscience may be so dark or obtuse, or so unheeded, as to leave you in undisturbed indulgence. The deserved and threatened wrath of God may not be speedily executed. The goodness that ought to lead you to repentance may only harden you. Be not deceived by these flattering cir-

circumstances: "the Lord will not hold you guiltless." He marks your crime. Already he has condemned. You will shortly appear before him in judgement. There, when all delusions shall have vanished for ever, you will acknowledge that you deserve perdition. Reader! do *you* acknowledge this *now*? How, then, are you to escape the perdition you deserve? You must feel the truth of your individual case. You must flee from "the wrath to come." You must see the necessity, and feel the value of "the atonement,"—the blood which cleanseth from *all* sin. You must be led to that Spirit who alone can thoroughly enlighten you, and guide you to the Saviour, and purify your heart.

* For these purposes,—humbly imploring, on your behalf, the influence of that Spirit,—the commandment is now laid before you, that you may be "shut up unto the belief of the gospel," that you may obtain an inheritance among all them that are sanctified through faith that is in Christ! pp. 72—74.

Mr. Stowell refers at p. 119, to a work of Flavel's. He might have consulted with great advantage the second of his sermons on the seven last sayings of Christ,—“Son, behold thy mother:” it would have suggested the important use to be made, in respect to the fifth commandment, of our Lord's example. This lecture is, perhaps, the least satisfactory in the series. At page 104, a sentence occurs, extending through a whole paragraph, which may be referred to as an instance of the faulty style at which we have hinted. In the eleventh lecture, the case of the young ruler should not have been forgotten. We regret that Mr. Stowell's first edition escaped our notice.

Art. VIII. *Essays and Letters.* By John Kitto. With a Short Memoir of the Author. 12mo, pp. 210. Plymouth.

THIS little volume, to which is prefixed a very respectable list of subscribers, is the production of a very deserving, and it may be added, a very extraordinary young man; the child of poverty and misfortune, 'a work-house boy,' and totally deaf, but in whom the thirst for knowledge and the vigour of thought are such as would do credit to a young man born under the happiest auspices. From a short memoir we learn, that Kitto's father was a working mason, at Plymouth, to which place he was attracted by the demand existing, during the war, for labourers of all descriptions. John was born in Dec. 1804, and when he was between eight and ten years of age, his parents, though in these humble circumstances, contrived to send him for short and uninterrupted periods, to a day-school, but his school attainments never extended further than read-

ing, writing, and the imperfect use of figures. But in 1814, his father became no longer able to spare any money for his schooling, and in his twelfth year, poor Kitto was obliged to assist in carrying the mortar and stones. In February 1817, while employed in this manner on a house that was undergoing repair, he fell from the roof, and received considerable bodily injury, which produced a total loss of hearing, though, up to that time, he possessed that organ in as full perfection as any other boy. It was then that he describes himself as first having recourse to books for employment to wear away his tedious hours; and, happily, the book most accessible to the poor man in these days, is the Bible. (This he appears to have read attentively, and to have acquired a deep religious impression from the perusal. Being rendered by the effects of his accident unfit for the situation of a mason's labourer or any other active employment, and his father being unable to maintain him, he was, upon application for relief to the Guardians of the Poor, taken from his parents in 1819, and placed among the boys of the work-house. Here he was taught shoe-making, and in 1821, was bound apprentice by the Guardians to a shoe-maker, who proved to be a worthless man, and used this poor, deaf lad so ill, that the Magistrates, on Kitto's case being laid before them, discharged him from his apprenticeship, and he returned to the work-house as an asylum. 'On this examination,' we are told,

'the attention of the Magistrates was attracted by the manner in which the charges were brought against the master, all being necessarily rendered in writing, and the propriety of sentiment and general accuracy of diction in which the written interrogations and answers were written. But poor Kitto again entered the work-house, and was thought of no more: he returned to the manufacture of shoes, and to the solitary amusements which his forlorn condition afforded him.'

From his kind friend Mr. Burnard, clerk of the Guardians of the Poor, from the master of the school, and the superintendent of labour, he obtained the loan of some books, all, with a few exceptions, of a religious nature; the reading of which, together with playing with the little children by whom he was surrounded, and pacing the court-yard of the work-house, afforded his only solace and amusement in poverty and obscurity. Here he might have lived and died, had not a fortunate accident introduced him to the attention of two gentlemen who have since effectually befriended him. One of these, Mr. Harvey, was in a bookseller's shop, when he saw a lad of mean appearance enter, and commence a communication with its master in writing. This led to inquiry, and he was informed,

that this was the deaf work-house boy, who had come to borrow a book. Mr. Harvey's interest was excited, and having satisfied himself that Kitto possessed superior abilities, he made his case known to some other gentlemen of the town, through whose contributions he was furnished with books, paper, and pens to pursue his literary propensities. About the same time, the Editor of the Plymouth Weekly Journal, having accidentally seen some of Kitto's papers, made him the offer of inserting any essay in that publication. Accordingly, Kitto furnished the essays on Happiness, Home, and Contemplation, which are reprinted in this volume. The result was, that his case was taken up with honourable liberality. Kitto was now removed from the work-house, and permission was obtained for him to read at the public library; a subscription was raised for his temporary relief; and a friend has admitted him as an inmate, with whom he is receiving 'instruction in a useful art, and every encouragement and assistance in the cultivation of his mind, that wisdom and liberality can supply.'

'It is with peculiar pleasure the friends of Kitto observe the depression of his spirits removed, the gloomy views which he sometimes took of things entirely changed, and the seeds of sound practical religion, which were happily sown in his earlier life, promising a more abundant harvest under the genial influence of the truly Christian friendship which he now enjoys.'

His account of his own case is particularly interesting: it occurs in a paper suggested by a passage in Bishop Hall's 'Balm of Gilead.'

'I can hear no sound unless it proceeds from something which I touch, and not then, if the sound be not caused by friction or contact with the substance touched. I can perceive no sound unless it is caused either by friction or contact: yet, I cannot hear the ringing of bells, although I touch the tower where they are rung. I can hear the sound of a drum if I am very near it, even without touching it. I cannot hear the human voice, although exalted to its highest pitch, nor the voice of any animal, nor the singing of united voices in a church: when the mouth is applied to my ear, I perceive nothing but a loud, rumbling, inarticulate, and very disagreeable noise. I can hear a heavy footstep on a wooden floor, if I am on that floor, but not on one of stone, or on the ground. I observe a rumbling noise if I am in the gallery, and near the organ of St. Andrew's church while it is played; but this rumbling is not in the least perceived if I am below or distant from the organ. I can hear the sound of carriage-wheels on a stone pavement, if very near, but not otherwise. Many are the escapes I have had from being ridden over by coaches, carts, and horses; and many too are the lashes which I have received to make me get out of the way. Sometimes I have

been actually touched by a horse, or part of a carriage, before I have been aware of my danger, and sprang on one side to avoid it. These examples will be sufficient; and from the cases I have mentioned, it will probably appear, that what I have termed *hearing*, should rather be distinguished as delicacy of *feeling*.

'I am afraid that I am becoming dumb, although I do not know to what it should be attributed. I feel an unconquerable aversion to speak, and when I do, can seldom make myself understood without reiteration. I suspect that dumbness is a natural consequence of deafness; at least it certainly is so in the case of those who were born deaf, or who lost their hearing very early in life; for never having heard others speak, it is impossible that they should learn to do so of themselves. This I imagine is the case of nearly all those who are reputed deaf and dumb, and that deafness is the only *natural* defect. As to my own disinclination and inability to speak, I can form no judgement on the *cause*, but the *effect* is certain, and is another subject of regret.

'As I before observed, every evil has its alloy of good, in the same manner that every good has an admixture of evil; and I greatly doubt whether if I had not become deaf, I should ever have had recourse to books, in which I have found, limited as my reading has been, such information, instruction, and delight, as I would not barter for any pleasure which hearing might place within my grasp. It is true that I am cut off from the stated means of religious instruction, but books enable me sometimes to see those pray and preach whom others cannot hear. Through this medium too, a Bishop or a Saint sometimes condescends to be my *private* instructor and to preach to me alone. The greatest evil of deafness is, that it debars me from social intercourse with my species. My want of hearing, however, has quickened my observation, and I can penetrate almost to the very thoughts of those whom I attentively regard; nay, I can sometimes do so by a single glance. I likewise find no difficulty in discovering by the eyes of those present, when I am the subject of conversation, or when I am only alluded to.'

We almost question the propriety of making public the letter at pp. 144—8, though, in point of talent and thrilling interest, it is the most remarkable paper in the volume: at least, we could have wished that the 'fallacious sophistry,' by which, we have no doubt, too many have fatally succeeded in silencing the voice of conscience, had been more distinctly exposed and confuted. 'Rabnah' and 'Abdallah,' two successful imitations of the oriental apologues of Hawkesworth and Johnson, will very generally please. Altogether, the volume cannot fail to interest; and we have great pleasure in promoting, so far as lies in our power, the benevolent intention of the Editor,

ART. IX. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw has in the press, *Two Discourses*, occasioned by Mr. Brougham's Inaugural Address on being installed lord rector of the university of Glasgow, in which he combats the assertion that man has no more control over his own belief than he can change the hue of his skin.

A volume of *Sermons*, by the Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Hope-park Chapel, Parish of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, will be published in September next.

In the press, *The Bible Teacher's Manual*, by Mrs. Sherwood. Part IV., containing *Deuteronomy*.

Dr. Shearman is about to publish, *Practical Observations on the nature, causes, and treatment of Water in the brain*, viewing that affection as an accidental circumstance occurring in various morbid conditions of the system, rather than as a distinct specific disease.

In the press, a *Series of Sixty Engravings of Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery*, from drawings by Captain Batty, F.R.S. In the same style as the *Views of the Rhine, &c.*, together with wood-cut vignettes.

In the course of September will be published, in 8vo, the *Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning*, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on Various Public Occasions in Liverpool. This volume contains all the Speeches of the Right Hon. Gentleman during his four successive elections for that borough, as well as a number of occasional Speeches; many of which rank among the happiest and most celebrated productions of the genius of this distinguished Statesman. To which are added, introductions to the different series of Speeches.

In the press, *the Turkish Testament Incapable of Defence, and the True Principles of Biblical Translation Vindicated; in Answer to Professor Lee's "Remarks on Dr. Henderson's Appeal on the Subject of the Turkish Version of the New Testament, printed at Paris in 1819."* By the Author of the Appeal.

In the press, *Twelve Sermons*. By the Rev. George Hodson, M.A. Minister of Christ Church, Birmingham, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

Mexican Antiquities Mr. Bullock announces the dissolution of his Exhibition during the present Month. It is to be hoped that the Trustees of our

National Museum will secure to the Country that interesting portion of it, the *Antient Sculptures*. Both *Egyptian* and *Grecian Antiquities* are found there, but of *American*, there are no specimens; and it would be greatly to be lamented that this collection, which is perfectly unique, should either be dispersed or suffered to enrich any foreign Museum. Baron Humboldt, who travelled over the country, strongly attests their rarity and value. The Mexican government, with the laudable view of forming a national collection of their own, have recently passed a law prohibiting for the future all similar relics from leaving the country.

A work, on the plan of the *German Literary Almanacks*, will be published early in the month of November next. The volume is intended more especially for the religious reader of literary compositions, and will therefore contain only those productions that have an obviously religious or moral tendency. It will consist of *Tales, Essays, and Poetry*, by about twenty-five of the most popular writers of the age. The illustrations (twelve in number) are by *Martin, Westall, Corbould, Wright, Brooks, &c.*; and the engravings by *Heath, Finden, Mitchell, Melville, &c.*

Select Specimens of English Prose and Poetry, from the Age of Elizabeth to the present Time, including, in a moderate size, considerable Portions of those Authors who have had a decided influence over our Language and Literature; to which will be added, *Introductory Essays* by the Rev. George Walker, Head Master of the Leeds Grammar School, in two volumes, duodecimo, are nearly ready for publication.

Speedily will be published, in one vol. 8vo. *Sermons*, preached on Several Occasions, in the Island of Barbadoes, by W. J. Shrewsbury, late Wesleyan Methodist Missionary in that Island.

The four volumes of *Sermons*, by the late Dr. Doddridge, the publication of which was directed in his will, and which have hitherto remained in the custody of the family, will shortly appear.

In the press, *Chronology of the Kings of England, in Verse*. By the late Rev. Edmund Butcher.

The fourth volume of *Grant's History of the English Sects*, bringing down the narrative to 1810, is nearly ready, being a reprint of the copy totally destroyed in the fire at Little Queen-street.

ART. X. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Miss Mullinger. By the Rev. Joseph Statteric. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The Life of the Rev. John Braithwaite, Wesleyan Methodist Preacher, late of Mount-Pleasant, near Whitehaven, Cumberland. By Robert Dickinson, late Managing Partner of Seaton Iron Works. 12mo. 6s.

Remains of the Rev. Christian Frederick Schwartz, Missionary in India; consisting of his Letters and Journals; with a Sketch of his Life. Part I. 8s.

MEDICINE.

Practical Remarks upon Indigestion, particularly as connected with Bilious and Nervous Affections of the Head and other Parts; including Observations upon the Disorders and Diseases of the Stomach, and superior parts of the Alimentary Canal. Illustrated by Cases. By John Howship, Assistant Surgeon to the St. George's Infirmary, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. 7s.

Considerations upon the Present System of Medical Practice in Great Britain. By John Crawford Whithead, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Statement of Facts, with Correspondence, relative to the late measures of the managers of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters, assembling in Carter-lane, Doctor's Commons. By John Hoppus, M.A. 1s.

The Elegant Letter Writer, or Selections of Epistles on the most familiar, interesting, and instructive Subjects, roy. 18mo. 5s. bound.

The Juvenile Cabinet of Travels and Narrative. By the Rev. John Campbell. With nearly 100 wood cuts. 18mo. 4s.

The Evangelical Rambler. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Christian's Great Interest. By the Rev. William Guthrie. With an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 12mo. 3s.

The Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion. By Joseph Butler, LL.D. Bishop of Durham. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, A.M. Vicar of Islington. 12mo. 6s.

Letters of the Rev. Samuel Ruther-

ford. With an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate. 12mo. 4s.

The Christian. By the Rev. Samuel Walker, Curate of Truro. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Charles Simon, Cambridge. 12mo. 3s.

A Treatise on the Religious Affections. By Jonathan Edwards. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. David Young, Perth. 12mo. 7s.

Henry Graham; or, The Christian's Danger from the World. 18mo. 3s.

Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, in a Series of Lectures. By the Rev. Samuel Saunders, of Frome. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Selections from the Works of Bishop Hall. (Uniform with the Selections from Leighton and Daddridge.) 18mo. 3s. 6d.

The Protestant Vindicator; a refutation of the calumnies contained in Cobbett's history of the Reformation, including remarks on the principal topics of the Popish Controversy. By the Rev. Robert Oxlad. No. 1. 3d. To be continued in weekly numbers.

A Reply to the Letter of the Rev. John Birt, of Manchester, to Dr. Wardlaw, on certain Passages of his Dissertation on Infant Baptism. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. 8vo. 8s.

The Works of James Arminius, D.D. formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin. To which are added, Brand's Life of the Author, with considerable augmentations, numerous Extracts from his private Letters, a copious and Authentic Account of the Synod of Dort and its Proceedings, and several interesting Notices of the Progress of his Theological Opinions in Great Britain and on the Continent. By James Nichols. Vol. I. 8vo. 16s. With a fine Portrait.

Six Lectures on Popery, delivered in King-street Chapel, Maidstone. By William Groser. 12mo. 5s.

The Ten Commandments, illustrated and enforced on Christian Principles. By W. H. Stowell. Second Edit. 12mo. 4s.

Sermons. By the Rev. John Bruce. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Leigh's New Pocket Road-book of England, Wales, and Part of Scotland, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries. 8s. bound; or with 55 county maps. 12s. bound.